# The Outlook

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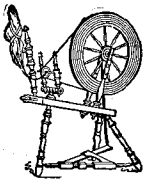

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**Fifth Avenue & 34th Street, N. Y.** Opposite Waldorf-Astoria

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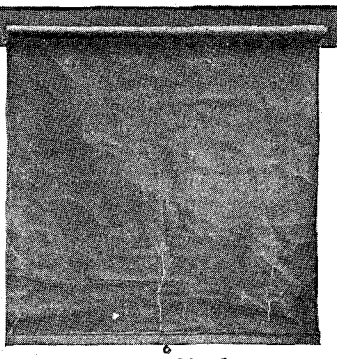
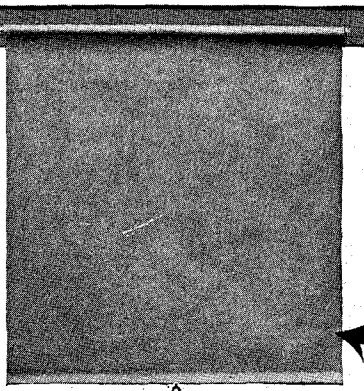


**Opaque Shade**
In use only a few months and already spoiled by the familiar, unsightly "cracks."



**Brenlin Shade**
*Won't wrinkle; won't "crack;" does shade.*

# Brenlin

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**Chas. W. Breneman & Co.**
**2045-2055 Reading Road** **Cincinnati**


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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 19, 1907

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*A Real Ruler*

The illness of the Emperor of Austria Hungary lends impressiveness to the apparent ending of a decade's wrangling over the Austro-Hungarian Ausgleich or mutual compact. Forty years ago, after his crushing defeat by Prussia, when it seemed as if the victor might press on to Vienna itself, the Emperor Francis Joseph longed to have his complex Empire present a more united front to the enemy. Hence he offered to conclude a compact with the most turbulent element, his Hungarian subjects, insuring to them better conditions than those under which they had lived. This Ausgleich fixed for ten years the relations between the Austrian Empire and the Hungarian Kingdom. It was modified and renewed in 1877 and 1887. But in 1897 the problems which had arisen could not be adjusted, and for ten years relations between the two divisions of the Austro-Hungarian Empire have been possible only by means of very temporary terms of compromise. Nor would these have been attained but for the continual personal intervention of the monarch in whose dynasty the crown of both countries is hereditary. Austria and Hungary are perfectly independent of each other. Each has its own Constitution, its Parliament, and most of its executive departments. The countries are bound together, otherwise than by a common monarch, by common departments of foreign affairs, of defense, of so much finance as relates to the mutual concerns of the two, and by the Ausgleich, through which Austria and Hungary form practically one customs and commercial territory, with the same coinage, weights, and measures, and a joint bank of issue, while the monopolies and taxes connected with the salt, tobacco, spirits, beer, sugar, and oil productions are administered on identical principles. Of course conditions in 1907 are not what they were in 1867. Then it was arranged that Austria should contribute seventy and Hungary thirty per cent of the common expenditure. But this was soon seen to be an unjust proportion, hence Austria's part has been gradually lessened during these forty years and Hungary's increased. On the other hand, in the National Bank, at first purely an Austrian concern, Hungary gradually obtained a half-interest. A more difficult subject has been the tariff, since Austria is mostly a manufacturing country and Hungary mostly agricultural. Add these economic to the national antagonisms, and one does not wonder that the Ausgleich has been renewed only after wearisome haggling. In it, emancipating his subjects from unnecessary dependence on the Crown, the Emperor of Austria has been equally the King of Hungary. Fortunately for one occupying this dual position, he is a man of simplicity, straightforwardness, and sincerity. The patience with which he has faced, not only personal bereavement, but undeserved family disgrace, his constant, tactful, and always hopeful effort towards harmonizing differences of every description, his democratic bearing and entire absence of "pose," have earned for him the respect, admiration, and affection of all his subjects. This is the more remarkable because those subjects represent divergent and generally discordant races—Germans, Czechs, Poles, Magyars, Croats, Italians, Slavonians, Rumanians, Ruthenians, a polygeny for six decades kept in control by the good sense of Francis Joseph. There have been great rulers of homogeneous nations. But to maintain antagonistic Austrians and Hungarians in a dual Empire, and also to hold together their dependent peoples and fractions of peo-



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ples, who have no inter-consistence, this is the work of a real ruler of men.

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*Secretary Taft at Shanghai*

Secretary Taft's speech at Shanghai is quite as significant as his speech at Tokyo reported in The Outlook of last week, and his reception in China was, according to the reports, not less enthusiastic than that accorded to him in Japan. He was the guest of honor at a great reception, the promoters of which included prominent Chinese merchants who represented guilds which formerly participated in the Chinese boycott of American manufactures. Ladies of aristocratic families presided at the refreshment tables—an act which is said to be without precedent in the social history of China. In the addresses of the Chinamen emphasis was laid upon the facts that America had sent relief to the famine sufferers, had given support, through its missionary organizations, to schools and hospitals, and by governmental action had waived her part of the Boxer indemnity. At the banquet in the evening Mr. Taft spoke at some length, and, we judge, with his accustomed frankness. He disavowed speaking as an official representative of the United States Government, but it is undoubtedly true that he represents the best American sentiment. He repeated his assurance, given in Tokyo, that the United States would not sell the Philippines, that it was bound to retain them or give the Filipinos their independence. He declared that his government would stand unhesitatingly and vigorously for the open door in China, a policy which would give all Occidental nations an equal opportunity and would show special favor to none. He urged the Chinese to devote their energies to the development of the nation's resources and to administrative reform, and advised them against radical and sudden reforms. He congratulated China on bringing the boycott to an end, declared that the harshness of administration of our immigration laws had been mitigated without impairing their efficiency, and referred with warm commendation to the work of the United States Consular Court in Shanghai in securing the important reforms to which The Outlook has heretofore referred. The incident is especially significant because it shows the practicability of Christ's counsels to international as well as to personal intercourse. Half a century ago the response to the boycott would have been the mailed fist. Under the guidance of John Hay and Elihu Root it has been liberal contributions to the famine fund, persistent insistence on China's territorial integrity, and remission of a claim, assented to, though reluctantly, by China, for damages because of the Boxer rebellion. And it is apparent that, in spite of the difficulties occasioned by the exclusion of the coolie laborers from our coasts, the feeling of the Chinese people toward the United States is pre-eminently a kindly one. The victory of the policy of good will has proved far more effective than any victory of arms could have been.

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*A Forceful Argument for Public Regulation*

The revelations in the New York Public Service Commission's rapid transit investigation grow more interesting as the investigation proceeds. Last week testimony was brought out in regard to a financial operation which apparently robbed the stockholders of the Metropolitan Securities Company of over seven hundred thousand dollars. The history of the operation, as it was given by Mr. Anthony N. Brady, who was formerly interested in rapid transit affairs in Brooklyn, is as follows: In 1885 the Fulton, Wall, and Cortlandt Street Ferry Railway Company was organized and a franchise secured for a street railway line connecting those ferries. After fifteen years of variegated history, the most prominent feature of which was the fact that not a yard of road was built, the franchise, stock, and bonds of the company were bought by Mr. Brady. He intended to build the road, but Mr. William C. Whitney, who was the most prominent force in Manhattan rapid transit affairs at that time, persuaded Mr. Brady that he ought to confine his interest in traction matters to the Brooklyn side of the river. Mr.

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Brady then consented to sell the road, which still existed only on paper, for just what he had paid for it—about $270,000. When the securities of the corporation had been delivered to Mr. Whitney's representatives, a check of the Metropolitan Securities Company for $965,607.19 was handed to Mr. Brady. It was accompanied by a memorandum showing what he was to do with the difference between the amount of the check and his price for the road. In accordance with its instructions he retained for himself about $270,000, and sent to Mr. Whitney his own checks aggregating nearly $700,000. These checks included one in favor of Messrs. Moore & Schley, brokers, for $134,028.92, and one each in favor of Mr. Whitney himself, Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, Mr. Thomas Dolan, Mr. P. A. B. Widener, and Mr. William L. Elkins for $111,652.78. The payment of $965,607.19 was entered in the cash book of the Metropolitan Securities Company and charged to the property and franchises account; it is still carried on the books of the company as an asset. In the absence of a better explanation than is apparent on the face of the evidence, there are two noteworthy elements in this transaction—first, the barefaced robbery of the stockholders of the Metropolitan Securities Company, and, second, the simplicity of the methods used in its accomplishment. The Securities Company paid nearly a million dollars for a "paper" property which was for sale for $250,000. Of this amount the seller received one-quarter, while three-quarters was divided among half a dozen individuals prominent in the inner circles of rapid transit affairs. The principal figure in this transaction, Mr. Whitney, is dead. Of the others, Mr. Dolan and Mr. Widener, with the representative of the estate of Mr. Elkins, met together in Philadelphia after the disclosure, and, after a prolonged conference with each other and with their respective counsel, issued explanatory statements. These statements were to the effect that each of them had made a loan to Mr. Whitney of $100,000, and that the checks for $111,652.78 which they received were in repayment of these loans with interest. These explanations, if they be accepted at their face value, clear the skirts of these gentlemen at the expense of their dead associate. It is to be hoped, however, that they will not stop here, but will accept the cordial invitation of Mr. Ivins, counsel for the Public Service Commission, to come to New York and let him question them as to certain phases of the history of rapid transit in that city. Messrs. Moore & Schley and Mr. Ryan have offered no explanation of their share in the transaction. This bit of history offers a striking argument for public regulation of public service corporations. In the business of furnishing rapid transit, such swindling as the evidence appears to reveal affects not only the stockholders of the company, but even more vitally the public who depend for their transportation on the company's lines. Against such rascality the people must protect themselves.

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*White Peonage in North Carolina*

At Beaufort, North Carolina, before the Judge of the United States District Court, a trial has just been concluded which is of unusual interest because of the importance and novelty of the issues involved. It was hotly contested, and consumed eight days. All of the alleged peons are white men, so that race prejudice did not affect the result. The facts in this case have been brought to the attention of The Outlook by Dr. F. H. Wines, the well-known anthority on penology. One Mr. Kline, said to be a resident of Oklahoma, holds a sub-contract for construction work on the line of the Norfolk and Southern Railway, and employs several hundred men, chiefly Americans. With his American employees he appears to have had no serious trouble. Included in the force, however, are about fifty or sixty foreigners—Russians or Russian Poles, not Jews, but Roman Catholics, whom he hired in the city of New York, and advanced their railway fares from New York to Greenville, North Carolina, where he has his camp. The Constitution of North Carolina, in the Bill of Rights, forbids imprisonment for debt. The code permits, nevertheless,

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imprisonment for obtaining goods or money by false pretenses, if it can be shown that the indebtedness was fraudulently contracted. The constitutionality of this provision is in doubt. It is questioned by many able lawyers, including the judge in the case here reported, who publicly declared his purpose to charge the jury to disregard it. It was brought out by the testimony, not only of the complaining witnesses, but of the officials concerned in the arrests which were made, that the foreign-born laborers in Mr. Kline's service became dissatisfied with their condition and treatment—whether for sufficient or for insufficient cause is not material. They ceased to work, without having discharged their indebtedness to him. He thereupon applied to a justice of the peace for warrants of arrest, under the section above cited, for forty-two of his employees, all of them foreign-born, and few of them, if any, able to speak the English language or to understand it when spoken in their presence. These warrants were served at different times, and thirty-six men arrested. While under arrest they were informed that they must do one of three things—they would have to pay Mr. Kline, return to work, or stand a criminal trial. It was explained to them that in the event of conviction they would be sentenced to hard labor in the county chain-gang; in other words, they would have to work on the public roads, in shackles, and without pay. Twenty-one elected to go to jail; the others returned to work. Not one of the entire number even of these last ever had a trial upon the charge named in the warrant of arrest. Some of those held paid what Mr. Kline demanded, under protest, and were released. The rest weakened while in custody. The dozen or so complaining witnesses in this case were taken, on a Saturday night, to the county jail at Greenville, and there detained, without so much as a preliminary hearing. On Sunday, by imitating the motions made in shoveling dirt, they intimated that they had experienced a change of heart. Mr. Kline was notified by telephone, and replied that he would send for them, which he did, early on the following Monday morning.

*What is Peonage?* Peonage is involuntary servitude, in payment of a debt. It differs from slavery in that the laborer whose body is held as security for ultimate payment can escape from the clutch of his creditor at any time, if able or willing to pay in cash. The Government claimed that the return to work, under these conditions, by these witnesses, was not willing service. It was involuntary, and therefore involved the crime of peonage on the part of the prisoner at the bar. Incidentally it appeared that the indebtedness claimed included an item for the cost of warrant and service of the same, which was charged up against each of the arrested employees. The defense argued that the treatment accorded to his men by Mr. Kline was good; that they were incompetent, inefficient, and worthless; that he acted in good faith in seeking to punish their offense, and had no other intent; and that the sole reason for his receiving them again in his employ was that, under the terms of his contract with them, he had no option to do otherwise. The Government rejoined that this defense was obviously insincere. If he desired to uphold the majesty of the law, why did he not enforce it? Why did he refrain from prosecuting the men who preferred work on the railway, with pay, to work in chains, without compensation? Why were certain men imprisoned and not tried? Why were they discharged from custody immediately upon yielding to the demand that they should return to work? The question of his intent went, as a question of fact, to the jury, which was out for about an hour, and then rendered a verdict of acquittal. Kline was at once rearrested, upon another indictment for the offense of peonage—the same charge, but against other parties; and he will be subjected to a new trial before the same court at Newbern in the near future. The gravity of this case and its far-reaching scope were expounded by the District Attorney in a remarkably able closing address to the jury, which was a model of forensic eloquence. He showed that debt is the basis of slavery; that the necessary logical sequence of the abolition of slavery is the abolition also of

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imprisonment for debt; that the man who borrows money on his promise to render an equivalent in labor, and is imprisoned for breaking his word, is more harshly treated than the man who borrows on a note of hand and defaults payment on maturity of the note; that in this instance there was not, there could not be, any allegation of false pretenses on the debtor's part; that injustice to an ignorant foreigner prepares the way for the oppression of native labor; that involuntary servitude, whether in slavery or in peonage, is the precursor of financial disaster and national destruction; that all assaults on popular freedom are insidious, and that the time for successful resistance is at the outset, in their incipiency.

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*Wages and Sentiment*

And yet the verdict was not a surprise. It may, without disrespect, be characterized as a sentimental verdict, since it reflected and expresses the prevailing sentiment in the community from which the jury was drawn. This feeling is not due so much to the survival of former traditions and prejudices, nor to the lack of experience in handling free white labor, as it is to the existing condition, at the South, of the labor market. Nominally, at the South, wages are low. Measured by results they are phenomenally high. A given bit of work may cost little by the hour or day, but, if intrusted to an incompetent or dilatory hand, cost two or three times when completed what it would have cost if executed with skill and despatch. What if the workman sees fit to throw up his job before its completion? Negro labor is thoroughly untrustworthy. If the laborer cannot do what he likes, as he likes, and quit when he likes, what was the war about? What has he gained by emancipation? Is he free? Manifestly not. The fact of his freedom must therefore be perpetually redemonstrated to himself and to the world. Freedom and equality before the law demand, according to his interpretation of the word, that he shall be entitled to the same compensation, not for equal work but for equal time, that is paid to his white brother at the North. For this supposed equality he contends with a degree of success far greater than that which the character and amount of production by him justifies. The South, therefore, feels herself to be, and really is, at an immense industrial disadvantage. Her progress in manufactures and in railway construction is to some extent an obstacle to her agricultural prosperity, because the farm hand has now an alternative, and the planter can no longer depend upon him for the labor required to husband the sugar, cotton, and tobacco crops. This situation is intolerable. Both the planter and the manufacturer are convinced that a remedy must be found for it; that some means must be devised and put in operation by which the farm hand and the mill hand, to say nothing of the house servant, can be held to the performance of their duty. This sentiment, united to that of aversion for foreigners, explains the verdict. One of the attorneys for the defense asked whether a Southern jury would protect ignorant, degraded outlanders, and refuse protection to an American citizen, an employer engaged in building up the country. He said that Governor Glenn and Senator Simmons were seeking to promote the importation into the South of foreign labor, but that if these gentlemen desired to bring hither immigrants like those in the witness-box, and the people of the State so understand it, neither of them can ever again be elected to any office in North Carolina. The verdict, therefore, it may again be said, was not a surprise. It was in accord with what the jury believed the law ought to be. What is surprising is that a community whose sympathy with labor is so slight, whose conception of the rights of labor is so elementary, should marvel that free white labor will not seek a home with it, and lament its inability to find a substitute for the negro by holding out inducements to foreign immigration.

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*The Congregational Council*

The thirteenth triennial meeting of the National Council of Congregational Churches, held at Cleveland, October 8–17, with a roll of over six hundred delegates, opened with an

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address by the retiring Moderator, Dr. Gladden which for moral incisiveness and prophetic fire has no parallel among the addresses to church assemblies that have been heard since the anti-slavery struggle ended. Many years ago Dr. Gladden brought into use the now familiar phrase, "applied Christianity," and has been its conspicuous exponent in the social activities of Christian citizenship. The neglect of it, the social crisis resulting, and the call of the Master to face the crisis with fidelity to his ideals of social life, formed the substance of this address. "What we have been witnessing," said Dr. Gladden, "is a new apocalypse, an uncovering of the iniquity of the land. . . . It is idle, it is fatuous, to hide from ourselves the fact that we are facing a social crisis. . . . Oppressions that are continental in their reach, a race of plunderers more powerful and more cunning than ever before appeared in history, with great lawyers to aid them in their predatory schemes, a reign of debilitating luxury that would put to blush the Romans of the decadence; and, as the fruit of the tree, misery and poverty at the other end of the social scale, and deadly class hatreds steadily deepening and threatening revolution. . . . We have found that no form of society can march hellward faster than a democracy under the banner of unbridled individualism. . . . What has the Church been doing while these powers of piracy and plunder have been gathering their forces, and spreading their nets, and heaping up their spoils? . . . The Church has lifted up no clear and effectual protest. Indeed, she has gathered into her communion many of the most conspicuous of the perpetrators of these injustices. . . . What we are witnessing is nothing else than the culmination and collapse of the existing social order, which rests on individualism. . . . The Church of Jesus Christ is called to organize industrial and civil society on Christian principles. This is its business in the world, a business too long neglected. . . . The Church has lost her grip on the world, and she is not going to regain it until she finds out what is her real business in the world. . . . It is the main business of the Church in the world to realize the social aims of Jesus." A memorable address it was, a trumpet call to meet a social day of judgment. The reported membership of the nearly 6,000 Congregational churches is now close upon 700,000, an increase of about 36,000 above the number reported three years ago. Mr. Thomas C. McMillan, a prominent lawyer in Chicago, succeeds Dr. Gladden as Moderator—the sixth instance in which the office has been conferred upon a layman. The moderate centralizing tendency observable in Congregationalism has gathered under the ægis of the National Council the societies for the missionary and educational work of the churches, expending last year nearly two and a half millions. Their meetings at divers times and places are every third year conjoined with the triennial Council. In their work more than in any creed is the vital bond between the independent but co-operating churches.

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*Open Air Services at the Episcopal General Convention*

On the opening day of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, which has been in session in Richmond, while the ordered ecclesiastical function with bishops, clergy, and laity a thousand strong, representing every section of the Episcopal Church, was in progress in Trinity Church, and the Bishop of London was preaching on the potential breadth and freedom of a Church founded upon Apostolic truth, the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson was addressing thousands of men and women in the great sunny smiling park across the street. Inspiring hymns were caught up and tossed from pavement to curb until the wave of sound rivaled the Te Deum of choir and organist within. The contagion spread through the city from day to day until on Sunday, after Bishop Winnington-Ingram's address to ten thousand people from the steps of the Capitol whence Daniel Webster made his famous address, the city seemed to resolve itself into one church meeting. People got their hymn-books and joined in, and from porch to porch, including the Governor's, where sat distinguished bishops and laymen, ran all

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about the squares the strains of "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus." This Bishop of London believes in open-air preaching, and likes to have his clergy "off with their coats to preach on the corners." He proved his faith by his works. His voice carried well, and thousands of the ten thousand people gathered in the park heard his affectionate farewell address to the people of Virginia. The voice of Bishop Lawrence in the opening service was even more effective, and the crowd joined nobly in the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and popular hymns, and after his benediction sent Dr. Ingram off with ringing thanks and a thundering doxology. On the day of the Convention's visit to Williamsburg, he, as the representative of King Edward, delivered to Bruton Church the Bible sent in commemoration of this tercentenary of civil and religious liberty in America. The scene on the old church green when the notable procession passed from the door whence Governors and Burgesses were wont to issue was very impressive. Amid the old tombs and older trees Dr. Ingram addressed over five thousand delegates and people of Virginia, "the first bishop of the old London see, to which Virginia was attached, who had ever crossed the seas to visit it." Williamsburg that day came to its own again. On the exquisite green visitors by hundreds lunched under the trees among the tombstones. Colonial houses of historic fame, where those beneath the turf had lived, stood almost unchanged beyond the turfed "palace green;" automobiles standing beside ox-carts and wagons coming from the countryside, with escorting dogs, emphasized and differentiated the past from the present. The ancient buildings of William and Mary College, with quaint prints and maps, memorial of ante-Revolutionary times, were deserted by the guests as the Bishop of London, surrounded by the undergraduates, began from the college portico his address on the sort of Christian manhood fitted to influence the world. With adapted college cries of "Good-by, Bishop, come again soon," the college boys pursued him as he passed on for the Jamestown ruins.

*Christian Service and American Citizenship in the Philippines*

Bishop Brent, in the most notable address of the Convention, impressed upon its members the definite responsibility of the American Church in the Far East. "God first commissioned me," he said, "to discover the needs of these Philippines, and I am not afraid to say that he has used me for his Church and that it is God's purpose I am laying before you and not some idea of my own. Make no mistake; God has shown me what this thing is he wants you to do, and he will give you strength and means to do it." It is the duty of the American Church to give, in social service, the largest opportunity to men who, removed from the restraint of home and with no surrounding sense of "corporate righteousness" to rest upon, are under such temptations as men here cannot realize. Society in the East, as sometimes in America, tends to press down the weak. It is only the very strongest who can withstand alone the temptations of these new surroundings. The Bishop would place an intelligent, whole-souled Christian minister in every center where there are Americans. Social clubs should follow. The Columbia Club house, built by Mr. George C. Thomas, already numbers four hundred members—American and English. Such a club is maintained by Chaplain Pierce among army people. Again, responsibility points toward the weakest people, the Bontocs; they must be eventually raised by men of their own race. Already a boy of this people is in training in an American school for future leadership. The masses in the Philippines have been already Christianized, in a manner, by the Latin form of the faith; and although often tempted to change his opinion by their open disregard of the first principles of morality, the Christian teacher should not engage in aggressive proselytism. He should set up a high standard, and example in the end will do more than tearing down the walls of other churches could accomplish. In the interests of church unity Bishop Brent visits churches of all denominations and preaches in them, aiding their clergy by advice where

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he can. One of the chief things, he believes, for the Church to do, in declaring its own belief in its catholicity, is to put aside prejudice and show itself truly Catholic, and to put itself as far as possible into personal relationship with Protestant churches on the one hand and Roman Catholic on the other. At the last and best, the Christian minister in Manila should never forget his American citizenship. The islands are a hundred years behind Cuba, and can never be made strong for self-government by political machinery. Politically, America must continue its mission, the strong nation ministering to the weak. Churchmen in the United States can see that in Washington justice is done. "My blood boils," said this new apostle of righteousness in the Philippines, "at the injustice done by corporate interests to honest Filipinos in order to protect their own products and to grow rich at the expense of a poorer people. You men of the churches must discontinue these ceaseless arguments in Congress, and dictate righteousness and justice to its members. This is your final responsibility. I believe in the country to which I belong, I believe in its Christian manhood, and I know that it will rise in might and remedy all political injustice inflicted on the poor islanders of the Philippines by moneyed combinations rich in power and in capital." At the early communion service on Wednesday morning, in the presence of a great congregation, the Men's Thank Offering, made as an expression of gratitude for the work of the Episcopal Church in this country during the last three hundred years, was presented, amounting in round numbers to $750,000. To this must be added the Women's Thank Offering, amounting to $250,000, making a total of one million dollars to be expended in the extension of church work in all possible directions.

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*A College Ministry to the Children*

The past summer has witnessed, we are glad to say, an extension of the successful Daily Vacation Bible School movement from New York City to other communities. The creation of a National Committee for this purpose, with Mr. Cleveland Cady, the well-known architect, as chairman, under the auspices of the National Federation of Churches, was followed by the appointment of local committees. In Philadelphia eight church buildings and four tents in congested districts were opened during July and August for the children of each neighborhood, irrespective of race or creed. About forty students, men and women, from Princeton University, the University of Pennsylvania, Bryn Mawr College, and Bucknell College were placed in charge of these schools. An hour each morning was devoted to Bible stories and music and an hour to manual work, health lessons, and games. In these twelve schools nearly four thousand boys and girls were registered, and, what is quite as significant, in about equal proportions. Those in charge spent the afternoons in organizing and superintending the children's games in adjoining playgrounds. In Chicago four church buildings were opened in needy quarters, two of them being close to the stock-yards. Eleven men and women from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University were placed in charge. A programme similar to that of the Philadelphia schools was carried out. In these four schools over nine hundred children were registered. It is interesting to note that in one of the schools, managed entirely by women, the boys completed sixty-eight full-size hammocks in their industrial work. In Hoboken, New Jersey, the National Committee conducted two Vacation Bible Schools, in which nearly six hundred boys and girls were registered. In Providence, Rhode Island, a Vacation Bible School is conducted by the New England Federation of Churches. As a result of six years' development, there are now, in and out of New York City, forty-four Daily Vacation Bible Schools to care for children who otherwise would spend the summer on the streets. The movement is a monument to its founder and National Director, the Rev. Robert G. Boville, who started it in connection with one of the denominational societies, but afterwards took advantage of the facilities of the New

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York Federation of Churches so as to reach all denominations. The Federation, with its ideal of a Federated American Church, thus shows how some social and civic problems may be solved under its leadership. Early in the history of Vacation Bible Schools the movement was made a college effort on behalf of children. It furnishes to college men and women a peculiarly valuable opportunity for Christian social service during the summer vacation. Those who seek such an opportunity should notice that Mr. Boville hopes to have Vacation Bible Schools established in at least ten cities next summer, giving employment to not less than three hundred college men and women.

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*Welcoming the Stranger*

The New York Bible Society, organized to carry on a distribution of the Bible, without note or comment, in the city of New York, calls our attention to some interesting and significant facts. It reports that, of the about four million inhabitants of the metropolis, more than half are either foreign-born or children of foreign-born parents; that there are in the city more Italians than in Rome, more Germans than in Hamburg, three times as many Irish as in Dublin, and ten times as many Jews as in Palestine. With the growth of a foreign population there is an apparent decrease of Protestant and increase of Roman Catholic and Jewish houses of worship. "Compared with six years ago, in Manhattan there are three less Protestant churches, five more Roman Catholic churches, and eighteen more Jewish synagogues." How far this may be due to a transfer of Protestant population to the other boroughs the paper before us does not indicate. The Society distributes Bibles not only among the population of the city, but also among the seamen and through the ships, and among the immigrants at Ellis Island. It reports a distribution of nearly forty-five thousand volumes to this latter class, over three-fourths of these volumes being simply the Gospels. They are printed in various languages, so that the story of the first Gospel preaching in Jerusalem is repeated, and every man hears or reads the Gospel in his own tongue, wherever he was born. In this distribution the whole country has a direct interest. Protestants and Roman Catholics, Liberals and Orthodox, Jews as well as Christians, and, for that matter, unbelievers as well as believers, may well feel an interest and desire to have some share in a work the object of which is to put into the hands of incoming immigrants as a free gift from America the simple story of the life of Jesus of Nazareth. It is not easy to conceive of a better welcome for lovers of their fellow-men to extend to the stranger on his arrival. Discussion how to protect the country from undesirable immigrants is legitimate; but energy expended in making desirable the immigrants that are admitted is at least as important. Contributions for this work may be sent to James H. Schmelzel, Treasurer New York Bible Society, 245 Washington Street, New York City.

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*The Queen of the Seas*

The Lusitania, on her second westward voyage, has broken all the transatlantic records, and proved herself the fastest as well as the biggest of the ocean greyhound pack. The run from Daunt's Rock, Queenstown, to Sandy Hook Lightship was made in four days, nineteen hours, and fifty-two minutes. During the voyage she made day's runs of 590, 600, 608, and 617 knots; her longest day's run was sixteen knots beyond the previous record, of 601 knots, made by the Deutschland in 1900. The Lusitania's average speed for the voyage was almost exactly twenty-four knots, nearly half a knot faster than the record of the Kaiser Wilhelm II., of the North German Lloyd, and more than three-quarters of a knot faster than the best average of the Deutschland, of the Hamburg-American Line. The wonderful voyage of the Lusitania is a triumph, not only for British ship-builders, but for the principle of the turbine engine, which British enterprise has persistently developed while German conservatism has held to the reciprocating engine. The maiden trip of the Mauretania, the sister ship of the Lusitania, will now be awaited with interest.

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*David Masson* Students of Milton, and readers of De Quincey especially, read with deep regret the announcement of the death of David Masson, Historiographer Royal of Scotland, for he belonged to the school of critics who put their hearts as well as their brains into their work. He had a quick feeling for the vitality and beauty of literature, as well as wide acquaintance with its forms and its development. A native of Aberdeen, educated in part at Marischal College and University, he went later to the great school at Edinburgh, in which so many eminent Scotch men of letters have done more or less preparatory work. He began his professional life as the editor of a newspaper in Aberdeen, and very early interested himself in active editorial work in connection with various publications, not only current, but those of permanent value. He succeeded Professor Clough, in 1853, as Professor of English Language and Literature in University College, London, and five years later he added to his labors the direction of Macmillan's Magazine, for many years one of the most interesting and well-conducted English periodicals devoted to literature. In 1865 he left London to undertake the duties of Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at his own University, and he spent thirty years in the same position, adding to his professorial duties editorial work of the most exacting character. He resigned his connection with the University of Edinburgh in 1893, on his appointment as Historiographer Royal for Scotland. Students of literature especially value his "Life of Milton;" and his critical edition of the great poet's works is an admirable example of editorial work at once scholarly in thoroughness and literary in spirit. The Cambridge edition of Milton's works fills three volumes; De Quincey's collected works, fourteen volumes. To these extensive undertakings must be added Professor Masson's "Drummond of Hawthornden, the Story of his Life and Writings;" "Carlyle, Personally and in His Writings;" "Edinburgh Sketches and Memoirs;" a volume on "British Novelists and their Styles;" another one on "Recent British Philosophy;" three volumes of "Essays Biographical and Critical, Chiefly on English Poets," and a "Life of De Quincey" in the English Men of Letters Series. During all this time Professor Masson was furnishing essays and articles for periodicals and encyclopædias on topics relating to literature. Few men in an age of immense industry have surpassed him in devotion to his work, or in adequacy of equipment to do it with thoroughness and judgment.

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*Mary J. Holmes* A generation ago Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, who died at her home in New York State two weeks ago, was one of the most widely read novelists in the country. That was the day of Miss Warner's "Queechy" and "The Wide, Wide World," of "The Lamplighter," and of various other stories more or less known to our parents and grandparents. It is said that more than two million copies of Mrs. Holmes's stories were sold, and that they are still sold in large numbers. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens was probably her greatest contemporary rival. It would not be gracious to name the living writers who may be said to continue the tradition of these two prolific authoresses. Neither Mrs. Holmes nor Mrs. Stephens possessed any talent of a distinctive or individual kind. Upon the work of neither was there any touch of genuine literary quality or power. They belonged to the provincial stage in the development of the country; and while they were less pretentious than the author of "Norman Leslie," which Edgar Allan Poe destroyed with one fell swoop of his keen critical pen, they were full of sentimentality and stilted commonplace. It was the time when all ladies (there were no women) of genuine delicacy and refinement fainted on the slightest provocation; when "females" were even more abundant than "women," and man was regarded as a conquering hero at whose coming all hearts bowed and in whose presence all cheeks were red with sensitive blushes. We have traveled a long way since that day. The novels of the last ten years which have attained the distinction of being the "greatest sell-

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ers " have been far above the reach of Mrs. Stephens or Mrs. Holmes. Some of them have been charming pieces of work. Those that have been more or less written to sell have often been coarse in construction and slovenly in style, but (with some notable exceptions) they have had a certain vitality. There has been a vigor in them which there never was in the work of these two half-forgotten women novelists. On the other hand, it must be said that the popularity of Mrs. Holmes was not due exclusively to the fact that she was sentimental and commonplace, but also to the fact that she had ideals of life, that she was never vulgar, and that she was in dead earnest. It is the presence of earnestness, sincerity, and a touch of idealism, however crude, which has given a great many inferior novels a widespread if a short-lived popularity.

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# *India for the Indians*

An event has just occurred of vital significance for India: native representation is to be permitted in her highest administrative council.

Hitherto the British have considered the natives of India not mature enough in practical affairs to govern an empire of many races, languages, and creeds; the natives are, however, allowed a larger liberty than is generally supposed.

The Indian Government has two centers, one at London, the other at Calcutta. The former is, of course, the ultimate source of authority. In England the government of India is vested in a Secretary of State for India, assisted by an Under-Secretary and a Council of not less than ten members. In India the government is vested in a Viceroy, acting under the control of the Secretary of State for India, and a Council consisting of six members, nominated by the Crown, which, for legislative purposes, is expanded by the addition of other members nominated by the Viceroy. British India is divided into nine great provinces, the governments of which are modeled after the Viceroy's. Into the provincial councils natives are admitted, but they always have been in the minority. The provinces are again divided into two hundred and fifty-four districts, each having its own department of administration and justice. The heads of these departments are not infrequently natives. In all large and in many small communities the majority of members of administrative town committees are elected by the taxpayers, and everywhere the majority of town-committee members consists of natives—indeed, in many committees all the members are natives.

So much for British India. But two-fifths of all India is occupied by large numbers of native states. While it has been the policy of the various Secretaries to interfere as little as possible with the politics of these states, England definitely undertakes: (1) responsibility for imperial defense; (2) all obligations regarding relations with foreign nations; (3) those affecting the mutual relations of the native states; and (4) to a certain extent, the exercise of jurisdiction—in case of misgovernment it can exercise any degree of control. Within these limits the more powerful native princes are autonomous in their own territories.

The natives of India as a whole are discontented, economically, educationally, and politically.

To the awful mortality due to many famines, the necessity for more irrigation, and the burdens of taxation must now be added the supplanting of the native textile industries and hand-made fabrics by British machine-made manufactures. To regain their economic independence in this respect the Indians of Bengal recently instituted the Swadeshi movement. Swadeshi means ' home country," and the movement is a peaceful boycott of British goods. While it has not altogether succeeded in its aim, we think it has done much to bind the people of the north together.

In their lack of educational facilities the Indians also have a real grievance. Though the number of students at the schools and universities has about doubled in twenty years, facilities for primary and higher education exist at the expense of industrial education. As a result, the wealth of the country still accumulates in the hands of the few. India's first need is to make her popula-

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tion economically thrifty. With the recent increase in the cost of living this is the more evident. Present necessity therefore demands an alteration of the curricula of the primary schools and universities and the establishment of many industrial training institutions. Because of this lack, a healthy middle class, without which no country can prosper, has been prevented from coming into being. India remains, as it has always been, a land of princes and paupers.

Political discontent is no less keen. While the British Government admits very many natives to minor official positions, the latter justly complain because the civil service examinations are not held in a sufficient number of places. Furthermore, they declare that in the higher positions English officials are present in superfluous numbers; they add that Indian officials could render better because more sympathetic service and at a fraction of the actual cost. Not only do Indian taxes pay the salaries of English officials, they also pay the pension accounts for retired English officials—a large item added to the expenditure of the Indian Government's revenue, a third of which goes for the military budget and another third to England for home Government charges. Under these conditions there is naturally not enough left for India's two great needs, irrigation and education. Yet the country contributes enough, the natives claim with some reason, and reiterate their plea for wider opportunities of expressing their views on administrative matters, pointing, as proof of their personal fitness, to the greater spread of education and to the advantageous employment of natives in the Government service.

The discontented natives are either peaceful reformers or extremists. The former, fortunately, are in the great majority. The latter have assaulted Europeans in many instances, and so great has been native sympathy that, though the crimes may have been witnessed by hundreds of persons, the police have been unable to procure evidence. For example, a fortnight ago an Indian was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for refusing to give evidence in a case in which a native journal had been charged by the Government with sedition. In certain regions native officers have informed their colonels that the loyalty of the troops would be endangered if certain legislative proposals were not vetoed by the very Government which had introduced them.

Thus the conditions resemble those in Ireland in the days of the Land League. Mr. John Morley, Secretary of State for India, was once Chief Secretary for Ireland. His experience then stands him now in good stead. In both cases he has shown himself equally an upholder of the rights of the people and of the necessity of law. Hence, while he is putting down sedition in India with a stern hand, he does not allow it to keep him from introducing needed reforms. These reforms must answer the questions: How shall the natives' desires be met? How shall the Government's executive strength remain undiminished and yet satisfaction be given to the ten thousand delegates and visitors at the National Congress at Bombay nearly a year ago, in their insistence upon the rights of the Indian people, as English subjects, to govern themselves? The task is specially difficult, for even now, after long experience each with the other, the Englishman knows inadequately about the Indian's real life and the Indian knows just about as little concerning the Englishman's real life.

Fortunately for all concerned, the present Secretary of State for India is an uninsular Englishman. When he was appointed to the India office, men said, "He has a high sense of duty. He is persistent. He is courageous. But is it not an experiment to put such an academic man in charge of the practical administration from London of a vast empire? For India is no Ireland." Others, better able to judge, among them the British Prime Minister, saw in Mr. Morley the cosmopolitan necessary to the task of ruling India, one who had already demonstrated in his French biographies, as did Alexis de Tocqueville in his work on America, the ability to sympathize with the necessities and struggles of other peoples. This is the prime qualification for missionary service

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in Church or State. It has made English and American missionaries successful in China and in India, developing not only a religious propaganda, but a quiet national self-respect.

Instead of being a drawback, Mr. Morley's intellectual equipment has been an aid. It has furnished that necessary inspiration and courage to one who must rule a distant empire without having the stimulus of its actual atmosphere. It has enabled him to resist, on the one hand, the visionaries who would immediately apply democracy to all India, and, on the other, the reactionaries who would resist the Indian's just demand for representation. But he has put India forward by a long step in filling two vacancies in the Home Council by the appointment of two distinguished native officials, one a Hindu, the other a Mohammedan. The entrance of these men into the Secretary of State's own Council is, in our opinion, a more important event than any since the assumption of full regal authority in India by the British Crown.

The act should have immediate effect. It should bring the people into closer relations with the Government and its officers. It should check the excesses of extremists. It should mold the Indian temperament itself. Sensitive to all intellectual and spiritual impressions, this temperament will be influenced largely by Mr. Morley's personal attitude as the real ruler of an imperial domain. He has described the Indian Government as one of "autocracy qualified by free speech." As to method in government, he says: "By all means have imperialism if it means mercy, if it means humility, if it means justice; but if it means your own demoralization, if it means the lowering of your own standards of civilization, then, in the name of all you hold precious, beware of it and resist it." Yet, "You have got to adapt your institutions to the conditions of the country where you are planting them. You cannot transplant bodily the venerable oak of our Constitution to India, but you can transplant the spirit of our institutions."

England and America are sometimes accused of oppressive imperialism. The five hundred thousand school-children in the Philippines form an answer to the charge as to America. The admission of natives to the highest Indian Council forms an answer to those who have been similarly accusing the English.

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# *Shakespeare To-Day*

It is significant of the vitality of Shakespeare that he steadily draws nearer as scholarship, study, and the ripening process of time clear the way. Every ray of light thrown on his work by more intimate knowledge of his time makes him more distinctly our contemporary, and sets him in his time and among his friends a man alert to seize the spirit of his age, to touch the heart of it by fellowship and sympathy, to give it the sanity and sweetness of the large view no less than the tragedy of fact seen close at hand. That he was a man greatly beloved is past question; that he grew in knowledge and grace by a perfectly normal development is proven by the order in time of his works; that he was as quick to utilize the interests of his time as a journalist is seen in almost numberless passages and phrases; that, granting him the gift of genius as it was possessed by Homer and Dante, he was no accident, prodigy, or miracle is evident to all who know his age with some degree of detail; that he gave his heart as well as his thought to his work, and that its supreme importance lies as much in the divination of his rare nature as in the observation of his marvelous intellect, cannot be doubted by those who give him adequate perspective and keep their own littleness out of the way. Clever playwrights like Mr. Shaw can tell us something about Shakespeare's dramatic devices and ingenuity, but nothing about the mystery of his personality.

No one can read the Preface to the "Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra"[1] in the New Variorum Edition without recognizing that Dr. Furness brought to his great undertaking a rare insight of

[1] A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. The Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

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heart as well as keen intelligence and a scholarship which rests securely on all the sources of Shakespearean knowledge. Of the thirty-six or thirty-seven plays this distinguished scholar has now brought together the various readings of fourteen or fifteen, has enriched them with a body of notes remarkable not only for what they contain but for what they omit, and has furnished each volume with a mass of criticism and interpretation carefully chosen from the Shakespearean literature in all languages. Of the value of this contribution to that literature it is late in the day to speak; it has been gratefully recognized by scholars, students, and actors everywhere. The sanity of its positions on disputed points and the ripeness of its judgments have become more conspicuous as the task, by its very magnitude, has evoked them. Shakespeare has educated his foremost American editor as Wagner trained the early interpreters of his leading rôles. For thirty years Dr. Furness has lived in the atmosphere of the great mind whose creations he has been studying; and if those who know and love him felt at liberty to speak, they would agree in saying that in the temper of his thought and the atmosphere of his life there is a disclosure of the dramatist in harmony with the loftiest spirit of the plays and with the traditions of the poet's personal sweetness and charm.

In interpreting a writer of Shakespeare's breadth and variety of interest and depth of tenderness the critic must reinforce his knowledge with that sympathy which Goethe held of supreme importance, but which many Shakespearean critics have conspicuously lacked, as Professor Lounsbury has shown by a wealth of example. When Dr. Furness affirms his belief that in Shakespeare's view Cæsar's love for Anthony was sincere and deep-seated, and that in Cleopatra's deep, enduring, and passionate love for Anthony, from which she never swerves, he finds the loftiest note of the tragedy, he discloses that insight born of profound human feeing which must always penetrate and suffuse scholarship if scholarship is to deal vitally and not superficially with great works of art. To exactness and fullness of knowledge the editor of the Variorum Edition has added the wisdom which is born of a great love.

To this humanizing of Shakespeare another American scholar has made a contribution of the first importance. In becoming learned Professor Lounsbury did not lose his great gift of vivacity nor the invaluable corrective quality of humor. The insidious dryness which steals upon the conscientious student has never effected an entrance into his spirit or his work. This unaffected humanness made some old-fashioned scholars across the sea skeptical of his thoroughness until they tried their hand at upsetting his conclusions. The three volumes which have appeared in the "Shakespearean Wars" are as devoid of orthodox dullness as of inaccuracy and slovenliness, and they are as entertaining as they are original in research and sound in scholarship. The latest volume, "The Text of Shakespeare,"[1] is, incidentally, the most important contribution to our knowledge of "The Dunciad" that has appeared. The "great, little Mr. Pope" has never had such microscopic scrutiny before, nor is there a more striking example in literary history of the tendency of truth to come to light than Professor Lounsbury's vindication of Theobald after centuries of obloquy created by a "hundred mean and dishonest artifices." Through a heartbreaking mass of contemporary and later newspapers, pamphlets, and publications of every conceivable degree of dullness and perversity, falsehood and misrepresentation have been patiently traced to their sources and laid bare with an unsparing hand.

Pope's dealings with Shakespeare and Theobald, like the transactions of Voltaire with the dramatist recorded in an earlier volume, are incidents in the destruction of the rubbish-heap which had been piled on the most vital and deeply human of the great poets; and while scholars and students will gratefully acknowledge Professor Lounsbury's notable contribution to Shakespearean literature, the lasting importance of his work in this field lies in the clear light it throws on the conditions in which the

[1] The Text of Shakespeare. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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dramatist lived, and the method or order of his growth.

It is not true, as is sometimes said, that we know nothing of Shakespeare; on the contrary, we know more about him than about many of his contemporaries who wrote plays of great popularity in his time. But if modern scholarship had made no discoveries about the man, the light it has thrown upon the circumstances of his age, the state of the theater, the writing, ownership, and publication of plays, and a hundred other matters, had it come earlier, would have made some skeptical theories about the authorship of the plays incredible and impossible, and the modern world have been spared three or four hundred more or less ingenious but altogether futile volumes and pamphlets. For the result of the study of the sixteenth century has been to explain the production of the plays by precisely such a man as Shakespeare was. Professor George P. Baker's "Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist,"[1] and Professor Walter Raleigh's biography of "Shakespeare"[2] in the English Men of Letters Series, are excellent pieces of incidental interpretation as well as interesting studies in literary history. In such lucid discussions as Mr. Baker presents in his chapters on "The Public of 1590" and "The Stage of Shakespeare," the plays fit themselves into the age and become normal expressions of its interests and products, in substance and form, of its flexible conditions; while the five chapters that follow make the dramatist steadily more credible by the direct, simple, and convincing method of letting him tell the story of his growth in his own way by rational use of the ample material furnished by the plays. This study, with its illuminating reproductions of old London, the theaters, the stage, and some modern reproductions of the old theater, is full of light and leading in the confusion of uneducated opinion.

Professor Raleigh is not so happily untechnical as Professor Baker, and is more concerned with critical estimates, from the easy assumptions of which many of his readers will heartily dissent. The chief importance of his biography lies in its study of the books which "served him [Shakespeare] as a mine and as a school," of the plays as furnishing clear reports not only of his instincts and convictions in the selection of material, but in the disclosures of his methods of handling it and of his "vigilant stagecraft"—a happy phrase upon which Sir Henry Irving's illuminating Princeton address is an invaluable foot-note. The treatment is more speculative and less convincing than Professor Baker's, and there is a note of superiority in the author which belongs entirely to the subject, but the book brings the dramatist into close relations with the time in which he lived and the conditions of theatrical presentation.

More and more clearly Shakespeare emerges from the obscurity which at one time partially hid him, and becomes a tangible and lovable figure in the great story of the Elizabethan period; more and more it becomes apparent that he holds securely his position as "the great moral poet of humanity," as Professor Lounsbury says; that when he touches the stuff of tragedy with which other dramatists have dealt, he immeasurably surpasses them all, to quote Dr. Furness's closing comment on "Anthony and Cleopatra;" that, as Professor Baker points out, "the fruit of the years of patient regard for the tastes and the ideas of his public, of toilsome endeavor, of constant striving in many forms towards clearer and clearer dramatic ideals, was the development of inborn capacity into genius and the primacy of the English drama." That Shakespeare, "by his freedom and spontaneity and resource, has succeeded, perhaps better than any other writer, in giving a voice and a body to those elusive movements of thought and feeling which are the life of humanity"—to recall Professor Raleigh—is not only the secret of the immense interest which lies behind the work of these scholars, but of the irresistible movement to clear away the mists and bring the master of the knowledge of human nature and of human expression into the open place where great figures

[1] The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist. By George Pierce Baker. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[2] Shakespeare. By Walter Raleigh. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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are set for the inspiration of later generations.

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## The Business of Life

The victory over evil and weakness in one's self and in the world is not won by a single tremendous battle; life would be easy if the man who sets his face toward righteousness could stake the issue on one fight and, out of terrible hazards, pluck a decisive and final triumph. He who seeks the best enlists not for a battle but for a war; not for a single brilliant and dashing campaign, but for numberless skirmishes, sieges, forays, sudden attacks by night and by day; for hardness, self-denial, discomfort, inexorable discipline. One word and only one sums up and expresses the ultimate victory, character; and behind that word lies a long series of tests bravely met, of obstacles courageously surmounted, of perils safely passed. A signal victory over temptation without or within reinforces the habit of right action, but it does not finally form the habit. For character is ultimately a habit; its base rests on countless small achievements, and it rises into noble and towering strength because numberless victories are wrought into it, as the cannon captured from many foes were melted and molded together to make the majesty of the Vendôme column in Paris.

Character, which is the determination to do right turned into a firm habit, is a composite word, and contains in itself the moral deposit of a thousand struggles; a thousand times a man emerges victorious from moral strife before he does the right thing by an instinct deeper than the purpose of the moment, and by the unconscious action of a trained and disciplined nature. A man of character is a man organized, armed, equipped, and in full possession of himself; a man who has looked life courageously in the face, accepted its yoke, learned its lessons, and entered into the peace that comes with strength—the only peace attainable in this world; the peace of God, which the world cannot take away because it is not an armistice, a cessation of hostilities, but a decisive overcoming of the foes of the spirit. A man who lacks character, on the other hand, no matter what his gifts, is the creature of lawless impulses, the victim of conditions and circumstances, the servant and often the slave of passions. A charming companion in an idle hour, when the crisis comes he disappears; in a great trial he does not count. Instead of facing life he evades it; he leaves the lessons unlearned; he neglects or refuses the discipline that gives strength; and his end is the bitterness of a defeat with the consciousness that victory once lay in his hand.

Life would be easier if we would grasp the great truth that it is a long education, and that character, victory organized into moral purpose and habit, is its end. Happiness comes by the way to those whose hearts are set to do right; pleasure lies often in the path; but the business of life is getting strong. They only who are strong are fit for happiness as a permanent and continuing condition, and life is a preparation for happiness rather than a time and place for happiness. Pleasure without moral vigor and sanity becomes corruption; and life is a training which will make pleasure a beautiful companion and not a temptress. Leisure is a golden opportunity for those who work and grow by virtue of inward strength and self-direction; and life is a training for the blessedness of infinite leisure. Completeness and beauty of companionship come to those whose hearts are at one in the pursuit of the noblest things; and life is an education for eternal friendships. The bliss of love is for those only who can lose themselves in one another; and life is an education in that unselfishness which, like the white rose of the Paradiso, blooms beyond the touch of frost or age.

No man hopes to practice any art until he has submitted to a long and arduous discipline. Behind the ease and power of the artist lie patient years of humble sitting at the feet of those great teachers who train men to speak in many languages the truth that is in them. If for the mastery of the violin one is willing to endure the drudgery of years of practicing, ought one to rebel against the education that liberates our

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spirits, makes us masters of ourselves, and prepares us for a happiness of growth, a joy in unfolding truth, a bliss in immortal love of which our divinest visions are only vague and dim prophecies?

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# The Spectator

"My boy, what is a fairy?" This question was asked in the Spectator's hearing of a five-year-old, the age at which suggestion of skepticism regarding accepted beliefs is hotly resented—this particular five-year-old being, of course, a strenuous believer in the reality of fairyland. So his answer came promptly and conclusively: "Why, a fairy has wings and is something like an angel, only smaller." The Spectator wondered what he himself would have answered had the question been put to him, and turned to a dictionary to read: "A fairy is an imaginary creature of small size, conceived according to popular superstition as dwelling in a region called fairyland, and as having special interest in the affairs of man." The Spectator supposes that for the purposes of grown-ups this definition is lucid, accurate, and inclusive. Yet somehow it reminded him, especially in its "conceived according to popular superstition," of the ponderous attempts of good old Dr. Skinner, pastor of the Mercer Street Church in New York, ever so many years ago, to do his duty by the lambs of his flock, and preach a special sermon to children on one Sunday morning in every month. "My children," said he, on one of these painful occasions, "I propose this morning to give you an epitome of the life of St. Paul. Perhaps some of you, my children, do not know what the word 'epitome' means. Now 'epitome,' my children, is in its signification synonymous with synopsis."

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Conceding that the dictionary on fairies and Dr. Skinner on epitome are necessary to proper differentiation of adult ideas, does not the small boy's description of a fairy, after all, fill a long-felt want? What many of us wish for in vain, as we grow older, and out of and away from the point of view when the attitude toward fairies is of importance, is to live over in some sort the time when the imagination peopled our world. We miss the fairy lore which was once so fascinating, especially if it be our pleasure and privilege to live that time over with the children. We do not seek scientific accuracy of definition, or disquisitions on the relation of fairy tales to mythology, curious as these may be and significant to the investigator. We rather desire some sort of fairy *feuilleton*—if it be allowed to adapt so definite a feature-word of French journalism—the light literature of fairyland as it appeals to the child. To gather this flotsam and jetsam together would mean the rather formidable task of the cyclopædist. But if somebody would do just that, and find a better word for it, would he not be doing something that the modern world would appreciate?

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For example, take the case of the Spectator, who now knows of fairyland only as he hears his little friends speak of it, and who at such times betrays a lamentable ignorance which he tries his best to conceal. He understands that it is peopled by fairies, elves, gnomes, imps, goblins, hobgoblins, giants, dwarfs, and perhaps brownies—not to attempt to speak of other "sprites," if that be the right word, whom he does not recall, or whom he does not know at all. How are these mysterious little people to be "told apart"—to avoid such a Dr. Skinner word as "differentiated"—so that one can intelligently follow the story of their tricks and adventures? How, to choose the simplest question suggested, does a hobgoblin differ from a goblin? And the brownies—are they a genuine species of fairy, or some later innovation, the creation of a conceited iconoclast who devised them because he thought he could improve on the orthodox traditions of the ages, and who has by some hocus-pocus palmed them off on the undiscriminating and uncritical? These are suggestions of the kind of lore that one would like to find in some book that one could trust, as one can turn to a hundred

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books to decide questions really of no greater moment, but interesting to grown-ups. But these suggestions are only the beginnings of the office that such a book might fill. There are, of course, the facts about all the things that go to make fairyland a place in which fairies can live—as the fairy godmother's magic wand that can transform anything into anything quicker than mortal eye can wink; the glowworms that for fairy eyes far surpass the brightest electric bulb; the flowers in which fairies at times make their dwellings; the butterflies which at times have been used as fairy steeds and have even been, the Spectator believes, harnessed to a shell; the land of the Lilliputians, and, first of all, the fairy rings where in the moonlight the fairy queen loves to hold her court, and where the true and devout believer has been known to behold them in their revel, modern history critics to the contrary notwithstanding. Then, again, there are the sources from which we learn what we know of the realm and doings of the fairies, to put people right who do not quite know the source to which they owe this or that. This branch of fairy lore would, as the Spectator conceives it, take up and tell shortly the tales of the "Arabian Nights," or of the Grimm brothers and the other German fairy tales, or of Hans Christian Andersen. Again, in this connection, there is the interesting question in what "old nursery tales," so called, differ from real fairy tales, as the nursery tales of "Cinderella," "Red Riding-Hood," "Beauty and the Beast," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and "Golden Hair and the Three Bears." In short, there is so much to put in such a book on fairy lore as the Spectator has in mind that the task of writing it seems to be an endless one. But that is the trouble with most of the things in this world that are best worth while.

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The Spectator fears that possibly some of his friends may feel that he is taking fairyland too seriously. If any of them do feel so, he would ask them to remember how modern writers of recognized genius have found delight, perhaps relief, in a too matter-of-fact world, in the construction of fairy tales. By way of illustration, he has but to mention Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," and Hawthorne's "Wonder Book"—which, perhaps, ought not, in strictness, to be included, as it is a telling over of the stories of mythology. Here, indeed, arises another question that the Spectator would like to have settled for him in some fairy-lore encyclopædia: Did Hawthorne write fairy tales? It must not be forgotten, also, that grown-ups, too, have their classic fairy tales, as Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Indeed, the most serious, and for a time the most vital, of all books may be called an adaptation of a fairy tale, Bunyan's immortal "Pilgrim's Progress."

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In another aspect, one on which the Spectator can only touch, the question of fairy tales always recalls a little incident of his own experience, illustrating the curious oneness of widely separated human beings. A missionary back from India was amusing a little girl, the child of a friend, by telling her one of the fairy stories with which a mother of that southern land is wont to amuse her own little children. The American little girl at once recognized it. "Why," she said, "that is just like 'Big Claus and Little Claus,'" referring, of course, to the well-known story by Hans Christian Andersen. Such an incident brings home appreciation of a point of which the late John Fiske made much. "The Hindu mother," he writes, "amuses her child with fairy tales which often correspond, even in minor incidents, with some in Scottish and Scandinavian nurseries; and she tells them in words phonetically akin to words in Swedish and Gaelic." Mr. Fiske's conclusion is that "the Aryan nations, which have inherited from a common ancestral stock their languages and their customs, have inherited also from the same common original their fireside legends. They have preserved 'Cinderella' and 'Punchkin' as they have preserved the words for ten and twenty."

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# THE BISHOP OF LONDON

## BY GEORGE HODGES

*Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts*

WHEN the Bishop of London addressed the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the other day, in Washington, he revealed his own personality in a singular and striking way.

He spoke on the sources of a man's influence with men. How shall we get hold of our neighbors, and put our truth into their possession? The Bishop's answer was autobiographical. He spoke from his own successful experience, and told how he himself had got a hearing in the West End of London among people of wealth, in the East End of London among the men who work hard with their hands, and among the students at Oxford and Cambridge. He did it very modestly, but with a refreshing absence of that ostentatious modesty which is but a manifestation of self-conceit. He showed that honest humility which is properly derived from *humus*, the solid earth, and stands upon the ground of facts.

A man, he said, must first of all be "straight." There must be no insincerity about him. And he referred to his long and picturesque experience in being "heckled" by frank and sometimes hostile audiences as a fine discipline in the grace of straightness. The young men who heard him in Washington knew that he spoke straight, and that there was a straight life behind his words. When he was made Bishop of London, all the clubs—the doctors, the lawyers, even the artists and the actors—bade him to dine with them, that they might each in turn assure him that he was their own bishop. That was because they trusted him as an absolutely honest man, who belonged in his high service to all kinds and classes of society.

Also, it is necessary for influence, continued the Bishop, that a man shall not "put on side." But this he had to translate out of English into American slang. "I gave a book," he said, "to the Bishop of Washington, and I wrote his name in it. 'Bishop,' I asked, 'shall I write Henry Washington?' 'Never!' cried the Bishop of Washington; 'they would say that I was putting on frills!'" Nothing is more marked about the Bishop of London than the total lack of what he calls "side" and we call "frills." No eminent man has ever come over the sea who has combined with great official position so much personal simplicity and democratic manner. The contrast between him and the traditional English prelate of the seventeenth century is both amazing and encouraging. The colonial diocese which agreed to unite with its neighbors in the unity of the Episcopal Church only on condition that no bishop should ever reside within its boundaries had in mind an autocratic and pompous gentleman who had to have a "palace" to live in, and could not take the air except in a carriage behind six horses. But the Bishop of London is as fond of walking as the President of the United States. He is not in the least degree nervous about his dignity. He dresses like his brethren, and does not even wear that bit of purple at the throat by which some American bishops distinguish themselves from the clergy. It is plain that he is not thinking of himself.

Somewhere in Canada they were bidding the Bishop a great farewell at the railway station. All the officials of the city were present, political and ecclesiastical. There had been speeches made, and, on the whole, it was a grand occasion. But at the critical moment, just as the train came in, a woman lost a dog. She had the dog in a bird-cage, like a canary, and in the excitement the bottom dropped out, and the liberated dog scooted away under the feet of the dignitaries. "Ketch my dog!" cried the woman, "Ketch my dog!" and the Bishop of London caught the dog. I know that that story is true, because I heard him tell it. Probably nobody else in the crowd was so well trained as he to catch a dog, or do any other athletic



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act. The score of ten games of tennis which he played with the President has not been officially disclosed. But it is generally believed in Washington and in Richmond that the Bishop beat. When his lordship failed to appear at a meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, and it was quietly given out that he had gone to play a game of golf, nobody was much surprised. He is mighty fond of that sort of thing, and uncommonly good at it—a very human kind of man, strong and alert and young in heart.

I talked with a country parson from Delaware, a young man, who had once dined with a considerable party at Fulham Palace. He said that after dinner the Bishop said, "Gentlemen, here are the cigars. Those of you who smoke may smoke. Those of you who don't smoke might come and sit with me in front of my fire." The young American parson was the only one who didn't smoke, and there he sat for an hour with the Bishop of London, who talked with him as simply and fraternally as if he had been the Metropolitan of Canada. That was thoroughly like him. He doesn't "put on side." He is as democratic and approachable as a green hill.

I will not follow the other characteristics of which the Bishop of London spoke in his Brotherhood speech as marking the man of influence. They were, a sense of humor; together with a serious spirit, such as prevents a man from degenerating into a mere teller of amusing stories; and a soul filled with sympathy and with faith. Everybody must have felt, as he talked, that he was unconsciously giving a description of himself. Everybody felt also how congenial a guest he must have been to the President of the United States, with whom he stayed. The two understood each other and appreciated each other immediately. They found a hundred tastes in common, and shared the same essential convictions.

The Bishop resembles the President not only in his happy gift for making speeches which illuminate the occasion—he said that ever since he had been in the country he had been asked to say "a few words" at least once an hour—but also in his extraordinary capacity for work. With all his devotion to physical exercise, he impresses one as a man who makes great demands upon his nerves, and he has to take care of himself. But he gets through a vast deal of administration and public speaking and official duty. A part of the secret of it is in his clear and systematic way of going at things. In his sermons and speeches, for example, he always has three or four plain points which he states and illustrates and emphasizes and applies; he shows an instinctive perception of the important factors of the matter. Another part of the secret is his indefatigable use of the odds and ends of time. Thus, ten years ago, when he was Suffragan Bishop of Stepney, Punch hit it off in these capital verses:

"From morn till evening, from evening till night,
I preach and organize, lecture and write,
And all over London my gaitered legs fly—
Was ever a bishop so busy as I?

"When writing my sermons, the best of my work'll
Be done in the trains on the Underground circle;
I can write one complete, with a fine peroration,
Between Charing Cross and Mansion House Station.

"For luncheon I swallow a sandwich of ham,
As I rush up the steps of a Whitechapel tram;
Or with excellent appetite I will discuss
A halfpenny bun on a Waterloo 'bus.

"No table is snowy with damask for me;
My cloth is the apron that covers my knee;
No manservants serve and no kitchenmaids dish up
The frugal repasts of this Suffragan Bishop."

The best of it all is that the man who is thus everlastingly busy, and who reveals himself so frankly in whatever he does and says, is so fine and true a man. This is an explanation of his delightful informality. He has no concealments. He is not pretending in any way to be better or even wiser than he actually is. He says openly, "My predecessor, Bishop Creighton, was a learned man who wrote great books; but all of my books put together may be bought for fourpence ha'penny." He is neither ashamed of the contrast nor proud of it. It is the fact, and there it is, to be taken

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into account. A man who thus stands upright upon his own feet is a free man, and he is both fearless and effective. He applies his energy in the direction of his own native qualities.

One of these is a love for men, which brings him into sympathy with both rich and poor. He was made a bishop because of his social work as the head of a university settlement, and he brought with him into the episcopate a great contribution of social enthusiasm. His is quite a different type from the men of a previous day who were made bishops because they had written commentaries on Greek plays. Another quality is an accompanying love of God. He is eminently a man of religion. One time, when he was at the head of Oxford House, I heard Mr. Stead compare that institution with Toynbee Hall. Mr. Stead preferred Oxford House because, he said, it is a religious place. Thus twice, first in a sermon, then in a speech, to the General Convention, the Bishop set forth the three essentials of a living Church: comprehensive hospitality, loyalty to truth, and holiness of life. These are his ideals. He believes, indeed, that there is something even better than the search for truth, and that is the discovery of it; and he is convinced that a great deal of divine truth has already, by study and by revelation, been discovered; but he is the friend of all honest scholars, and delights to repeat the proclamation of Magna Charta, "The Church of England shall be free." It will be free so long as it is in the spirit of leaders like the Bishop of London.

# THE OLD EDUCATION IN CHINA

## BY GEORGE KENNAN

Wonderful progress in the matter of education has been made in China within the last two years, and the reports of this advance printed in The Outlook and elsewhere show that what has been done is but a beginning. The credit due to China is all the more enhanced by contrasting the new education with the old as here described by Mr. Kennan.—THE EDITORS.

A LITTLE more than five centuries before the birth of Christ, when the Chinese Empire was divided into a number of feudal states, there appeared in the dukedom of Lu—the modern province of Shantung—a moral philosopher and teacher known to the Western world as Confucius. Although he gathered about him a small body of disciples whom he instructed in the principles of morality and good government, and although, at various times, he held positions of responsibility and trust in the service of his feudal lord, he played no conspicuous part in the history of his country, and made no deep impression upon the great mass of his countrymen. He was a good citizen, an upright official, and an ethical teacher of more than ordinary ability; but outside the comparatively small circle of his disciples he attracted little attention, and was not generally regarded as a great philosopher, a great leader, or a great man. During the later years of his life he held no official position, and when he died, at the age of seventy-two, the people of China, in general, knew little about him, and millions of them had never even heard his name. The most ardent of his disciples at that time would hardly have ventured to predict that he would become the greatest figure in Oriental history, and that a system of education based on his teachings would mold the character of the Chinese and shape the destinies of China for a period of more than two thousand years. And yet such a prediction would have been exactly fulfilled.

It is extremely difficult for a Western student to explain or understand the overwhelming, all-controlling influence which the personality and the teachings of Confucius came to have in the two centuries that followed his death. He never pretended to be an inspired prophet; he worked no miracles; his

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precepts made no claim to supernatural sanction; and he held out to his followers no promise of future happiness in another world; and yet his personality loomed greater and greater with the lapse of time, and his reputation for wisdom and holiness steadily increased until his teachings, with those of his follower Mencius, came to be regarded as the summing up of all useful and necessary knowledge. Before the beginning of the Christian era, his works, with the commentaries of his disciples, had taken rank as "classics" in Chinese literature, and in the latter part of the second century A.D. the Emperor Ling-Ti based upon them a national system of education which lasted, without essential change or modification, for seventeen hundred years.

It is not an exaggeration, perhaps, to say that Confucius has influenced more human minds than any other mortal who ever lived; and he has done this without making use of any supernatural arguments or considerations, and without appealing to any theological emotions or beliefs. In order fully to appreciate the really extraordinary nature of this phenomenon, suppose we ask ourselves the question: "What would probably have been the fate of Christianity if its Founder had confined himself wholly to ethical instruction, and had made no reference whatever to a Father in heaven or to a future life?" Would the morality of the New Testament, by itself, ever have conquered Rome, Byzantium, and Europe? I should reply without hesitation in the negative; and yet the morality of Confucius, without any supernatural sanction, without any appeal to theological belief, and without any promise of future happiness or threat of future punishment, has profoundly influenced Korea and Japan, and has absolutely dominated, for a period of two thousand years, the historical development of China. To what is attributable this tremendous posthumous influence of a non-inspired, non-religious man, who played no great part in the history of his time, and who died in comparative obscurity? It may not be easy to find a wholly satisfactory and convincing answer to this question, but inasmuch as my purpose is to describe the results of the Confucian teaching rather than to ascertain the reasons for its popularity, an answer here is not essential.

In its effects on national character and development, Confucianism was undoubtedly disastrous; but the evil that it worked was due to the mistaken zeal of its supporters in making it the sole basis of an educational system, rather than to any inherent defect or weakness in the teaching itself. As a moral code for the regulation of human conduct it was a force that made for righteousness; but as the foundation for a complete national system of education it was absurdly narrow. Morality is indispensable in its place, but when morality is taught to the exclusion of everything else, when the memorizing of ethical precepts is made the beginning and end of intellectual achievement, there can be no advance in material civilization. Progress is the result of observation, reasoning, and experiment, and when these find no place in a system of education, there must inevitably be stagnation in the current of secular life. Moral precepts may make a good member of society, but, taken alone, they will never make a man capable of dealing successfully with his material environment. These are truisms, of course, to us, but they were never accepted or acted upon in China until the war with Japan forced a few educated Chinese to see and admit the practical uselessness of their "classical" system of mental training.

In the first of a series of lectures upon "Noted Men Who Have Helped China," delivered, in the Chinese language, before the International Institute of Shanghai in March, 1906, Dr. Gilbert Reid said: "Confucius lived twenty-four hundred years ago; but the good he rendered his country and people has not ceased, and will certainly last forever. . . . For twenty-five centuries he has stood forth as China's best friend."

These assertions, it seems to me, are open to very serious question. The Chinese sage undoubtedly gave to his countrymen rules and precepts for the regulation of human conduct which were a notable advance upon anything of the

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kind then in existence; but, on the other hand, he failed to lay due stress upon the necessity of cultivating the reasoning powers, and of acquiring knowledge that would be practically useful; and, furthermore, he intensified the conservatism of a people already conservative by attributing undue importance to the teachings, traditions, and examples of the past. Science declares that the true tests of civilization—on its material side at least—are: "1. The degree to which the powers of Nature are made conducive to the well-being of man; and, 2. The degree to which man has learned to conform to the laws of Nature."[1] To the powers and laws of Nature, Confucius paid little or no attention. He does not seem to have observed natural phenomena himself, or to have drawn any lessons or conclusions therefrom, and he certainly did not urge his disciples to study their material environment, nor to use their reasoning powers in the observation and explanation of facts. He was merely a collector of traditions and a moral philosopher; and the adoption of his works as the sole basis of a national system of education was the greatest misfortune, perhaps, that ever befell a naturally bright and talented people. Before the Confucian classics were made the beginning and end of mental training, the Chinese had acquired some knowledge of science, had made some progress in the arts, and were developing, apparently, in what we should call a normal way. They cultivated grain, wove flax and silk, used weights, measures, and copper money; made bronze and pottery; employed the potter's wheel; possessed some skill in architecture; had invented the art of writing; had given names to the notes of a musical scale; had devised an astronomical calendar; and had acquired a fairly comprehensive knowledge of mathematics, from arithmetic to trigonometry. If a teacher with the popularity of Confucius had taken this material progress into account, and had thrown the weight of his great influence in the direction of further advancement along these lines, he might have become, in reality, a national benefactor; but by limiting his instruction to rules for right conduct in the relationships of social life, and by excluding or ignoring mental culture, observation, reasoning, and experiment, he unconsciously and unintentionally gave a disastrous turn to Chinese education and made himself a source of almost irremediable evil. It would be too harsh, perhaps, to call him China's worst enemy, but he certainly was far from being "China's best friend."

A little more than two centuries after his death, the enlightened Emperor Shih-Huang-Ti, finding that all his attempts to reform and modernize China were opposed or blocked by the followers of Confucius, determined to put an end to the evil by removing its cause. He therefore directed that all the so-called "classical" books in the Empire, and all the literature founded thereon, be forthwith collected and burned. If this attempt to destroy Confucianism had been successful—if it had been possible to annihilate every copy of the "classics" then in existence—the Chinese Empire might not now be as homogeneous as it is, but it would probably be much more powerful and much further advanced in material civilization. Unfortunately, however, the attempt failed. The destroyed volumes were replaced by new copies, compiled by the literati largely from memory; and these books, under a later emperor, were made the basis of a national system of education. Chinese scholars then discarded or ignored all knowledge not contained in the classics, and proceeded to bind up their brains with precepts of Confucius, just as Chinese women bind up their feet with cramping bandages of cloth. Growth, of course, soon stopped, and all the higher mental faculties, except memory, slowly atrophied. An "educated man" came to mean a man who was able to read Confucian literature; who had committed to memory the nine sacred books; and who could compose and write useless essays, of a certain prescribed pattern, in a language which was no more like the language of the people than the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer are like the Barrack-Room Ballads of Kipling. Ability to recite "the nine books" from

[1] Address of M. B. W. Hough before the Anthropological Society of Washington, October 19, 1881.

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memory and to turn out literary essays were then made conditions of employment in the Government service, and the Confucian system of ethics, losing all its moral significance and force, became merely a means of getting into a place of profit and power. The state of affairs was something like that which would exist in America if our education were strictly limited to knowledge of the New Testament and the works of commentators thereon, and if a man could qualify for a profession or for a government position only by passing an examination in Christian morality, by reciting from memory the four Gospels, and by writing grammatically, in a fine clerical hand, an essay on the esoteric meaning of the Book of Revelation. Of what practical use would such knowledge and such ability be to him?

If Confucianism had developed a high type of character—if it had made a nation of moral men and women—one might forgive it for stunting intellectual growth in every other direction; but it has failed even in this. No one, I think, will venture to contend that the Chinese in their intercourse with one another are governed by high ethical principles. The maxims and injunctions of Confucius have never been assimilated and "built into life"—they have only been committed to memory as a means of qualifying for a profitable position in the Government service. In his book entitled "The Great Learning" Confucius says: "Those who govern kingdoms ought never to make their private fortunes out of the public revenues; but their only riches should be justice and equity." Millions of Chinese mandarins have committed this sentence to memory, but I doubt whether one in a thousand has ever acted in accordance with it. The Chinese, as a people, are lacking in the very virtues that Confucianism teaches. In the words of an able and dispassionate English observer, "they are deficient in the higher moral qualities of individual trustworthiness, public spirit, sense of duty, and active courage—a group of qualities best represented in our language by the word manliness." As the experienced secretary of one of the important foreign legations in Peking said to me, "The Chinese need a reformation of moral character far more than they need a reformation of governmental institutions." China presents, therefore, the curious spectacle of a nation which for more than two thousand years has studied morals to the exclusion of everything else, and has developed a character in which morality is notably deficient. It is as if a farmer should stop planting wheat, oats, barley, corn, and vegetables, devote his whole life to the culture of apples, and produce at last nothing but a few small, sour, worm-eaten crabs. For the reasons above given I find myself wholly unable to agree with Dr. Gilbert Reid in calling Confucius "China's best friend." I should rather give that title to the emperor who sought to destroy the Confucian books. He failed, but his intention was good, and if he had succeeded we might now see a very different China.

The Confucian system of education, with its tens of thousands of ideographic characters to be recognized at sight, and its nine volumes of classical literature to be learned by heart, gave an extraordinary training to the memory, but it furnished the student with little information that was of practical value, and left his observing and reasoning powers almost wholly undeveloped. It taught him, moreover, to pay undue respect to ideas and methods that were old; to stick to the beaten tracks; and to regard with suspicion and distrust everything that the ancient sages had not approved or sanctioned. In 1898—three years after the war with Japan—Chinese army officers were still learning by heart and reciting from memory ancient military classics, written at a time when soldiers were armed with bows, arrows, and spears. A certain audacious censor then suggested that it might perhaps be well to discontinue instruction in the use of these primitive weapons, and promote army officers according to the knowledge they showed of sharp-shooting with modern rifles. This suggestion was reported favorably by the Grand Council, and was approved by the Emperor March 19, 1898. As late as the year 1905 Chinese boys were learning geography by committing to

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memory the names of all the county or district towns (hsien) in the Empire—fourteen or fifteen hundred in number—and it was not until 1906 that teachers stopped drilling little tots in the primary schools on such literature as the following: "We must first know the goal toward which we are tending, or our definitive destination. This being known, we may maintain the calmness and tranquillity of our minds. The mind being calm and tranquil, we may afterward enjoy that unalterable repose which nothing can trouble. Having attained to the enjoyment of the unalterable repose which nothing can trouble, we may afterward meditate and form our judgment on the essence of things; and, having formed our judgment on the essence of things, we may attain to the desired perfection."[1] What glimmer of an idea could a Chinese boy in a primary school get from such a statement as that? And yet hundreds of millions of boys, in tens of thousands of primary schools, have committed to memory that very paragraph, and scores of other paragraphs like it. It was not until January of 1906 that Vice-President Yen, of the Board of Education, suggested to the Emperor that the study of "The Four Books" (including "The Great Learning") be discontinued in primary schools, because "they are too deep and philosophic to be understood by young children." But it had taken the Chinese seventeen hundred years to find that out!

No serious attempt was made to teach mathematics in Chinese schools until after the war with Japan. At the public examinations for the degree of B.A. in the province of Shantung in 1892 the following arithmetical problem was set before the candidates: "If eight thousand quintals of rice are transported at thirteen cents per quintal, and if the freight money be paid in rice at two dollars and a half per quintal, how much rice will be expended for the freight?" Out of ten thousand candidates for the degree of B.A. only one attempted to solve this simple problem, and that one failed. And yet there was in existence, before the birth of Confucius, a treatise on mathematics whose nine sections contained two hundred and forty-six problems in plane mensuration, mensuration of solids, proportion, alligation, equations, and trigonometry. China, therefore, had mathematical knowledge more than two and a half millenniums ago; but when education was restricted to the moral and philosophical books of Confucius and Mencius, such knowledge was lost. If the reforming Emperor Shih-Huang-Ti had only succeeded in getting all the Confucian classics burned, mathematics might perhaps have had a chance.

The disastrous war with Japan in 1895 was a serious shock to the old Chinese system of education, but even after that the high officials of the Government still clung to the Confucian classics and refused to take the advice of their conquerors with regard to a reform in educational methods. Shortly before I left Japan I had a long talk on this subject with Marquis Ito, in the course of which the veteran Japanese statesman said:

"Nobody can predict what will happen in China. I have talked with many of our statesmen, and men who know that country, but none of them feels at all sure what its future will be. It is a good thing for China to wake up—to get her eyes open—but her rulers seem to think that they can bring about a transformation without making any of the necessary preparations. Sending thousands of young men over here to get a smattering of education and then letting them go back and talk politics is dangerous. They are likely to disturb the country instead of helping it. Among other things that they need in China is technical education. Nine years ago, when I was there, I told them that foreigners would want concessions for railroad building, and that they would probably have to grant them; 'but,' I said, 'you ought to train a body of your young men in railroad building and management, so that you can eventually take control of your railways yourselves. Foreigners cannot compete with you on your own ground if you have capable and well-instructed men to manage your roads. As for your army, it is

[1] "The Great Learning"—one of the books of Confucius.

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important, first of all, to get good officers—men trained in the methods of modern warfare. I should not advise the creation of a large standing army, but you should have an efficient one, with well-trained officers.' They all agreed with me when I gave them this advice, but they didn't do anything. If each viceroy would appropriate a hundred thousand taels per year for the instruction of army officers, it would be quite enough to train thoroughly a sufficient body of young men. These officers could then train the soldiers, and China would have an army that would be of some use.

"When I went to England the first time, Professor Grattan, of the London University, said to me: 'You ought to train a body of your young men in science and engineering, so as to have competent direction in the development of your resources.' This seemed to me good advice, and when I got back to Japan I exerted all my influence in that direction, and we brought here more than two hundred German, English, French, and American instructors in Western knowledge—especially practical, applied knowledge—and we gave a large body of our young men thorough training in Western scientific methods. After a while we were able to get along without the services of these foreign instructors, and could ourselves superintend the development of our resources. I told the Chinese all this nine years ago, but they did nothing.

"So far as I can see, China has not the kind of men that we had at the beginning of our era of reform. Even under the Tokugawa shogunate we had thoughtful statesmen—men of great ability—who had the welfare of their country at heart, and who were willing to sacrifice their own personal interests for the sake of the nation. Most of them are gone now, but I remember them with veneration. China has few such men. Almost everybody there seems to be selfish and to be looking after his own future, rather than the future of China. There can be no great reforms without patriotism and a spirit of self-sacrifice. The Chinese now seem to be bent on having a constitution and a parliament, but they have made no preparations for such a change. The young Chinese students who are here in Japan devote themselves chiefly to politics, and seem to think that they can accomplish, in a few years, all that Japan has accomplished, and do it without making gradual and thoughtful preparation. They should set about the reform of their existing administration, put their finances on a sound basis, and train their young men to be good officers, good engineers, and good leaders, before they begin to think of a constitution and a parliament. It is all right for them to wish to keep control of their own resources and industries, but in order to do that they should train their own men to take charge of public works, and not increase the anti-foreign feeling when they are utterly incapable of doing the work that foreigners do. They want to get rid of extraterritoriality, but they have no judges who know anything about Western law. I said all these things to Prince Tsai[1] only a few weeks ago, but I don't know whether it will do any good. I said the same things to the Chinese nine years ago."

Sounder advice than this was never given, but the rulers of China failed to act upon it, and, in the words of a later Chinese reformer, continued to "cram the brains of her young men with useless stubbles of incomprehensible phrases."

It has been said that "an institution is only the lengthened shadow of a single man." The shadow of Confucius fell across twenty four centuries, and darkened the intellects of hundreds of millions of people. The Chinese sage is not to blame, of course, for the fatal mistake that was made in limiting education to the comparatively narrow field that he cultivated; but if he could return to earth now, and could become acquainted with the events of the past two thousand years, I am by no means sure that he would not favor the erection of a national monument in honor of the Emperor Shih-Huang-Ti, who tried, twenty-one hundred years ago, to destroy his books.

[1] One of the five traveling commissioners who visited Japan, America, and Europe for the purpose of studying foreign methods of government.

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# *WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?*

## *BY ZONA GALE*

*Author of "Pelleas and Ettare," etc., etc.*

"BUSY, busy, busy, busy all the day. Busy, busy, busy. And busy . . ."

"There goes Ellen Ember, crazy again," we said, when we heard that cry of hers, not unmelodious nor loud, echoing along Friendship streets.

Then we usually ran to the windows and peered at her. Sometimes her long brown hair would be loose on her shoulders, sometimes her little figure would be leaping lightly up as she caught at the lowest boughs of the curb elms, and sometimes her hand would be moving swiftly back and forth above her heart.

"If your heart is broken," she had explained to many, "you can lace it together with 'Busy, busy, busy . . .' Sing it and see! Or mebbe your heart is all of a piece?"

Once, when I had gone to the house of her sister, Miss Liddy, I had found Ellen in a skirt fashioned of an old plaid shawl of her father's, her bare shoulders wound in a rosy "nubia" that had been her mother's, and she was dancing in the dining-room, with surprising grace, as Pierrette might have danced in Carnival, and singing, in a sweet, piping voice, an incongruous little song:

"O Day of wind and laughter,
A goddess born are you,
Whose eyes are in the morning
Blue—blue!"

"I made that up," she had explained, "or I guess mebbe I remembered it from deep in my skull. I like the feel of it in my mouth when I speak the words."

She was not always crazy, but sometimes she was sane and a mild enough little figure, creeping almost shyly to our kitchen doors to talk over her small housekeeping. She lived with a grim elder sister, Miss Liddy, who wove rag rugs and was perfectly sane, and in some respects was a less useful citizen than Ellen. Miss Liddy thought of nothing but rag rugs, while Ellen, mad or sane, won most of the orders for the rugs, and, moreover, threw little nosegays over our fences and exercised a certain charm and made us momentarily gentle and in awe of our own sanity.

When, one autumn morning a week before the Friendship Carnival, she passed our doors with her plaintive, musical "Busy, busy, busy . . ." Dr. June and the young Reverend Arthur Bliss sat on Dr. June's screened-in porch discussing the deficit in the Babies' Home fund for the fiscal year. Friendship had fallen far short of her sister towns in contributing support to the home maintained by church benefactions, and the new pastor of one of the larger churches had come down from the city to look over the possibilities of the field.

Dr. June listened with serene patience to what his visitor would say.

"Tension," said the Reverend Arthur Bliss, squaring his splendid young shoulders, "tension. Warfare. We, as a church, are enormously equipped. We have—shall we say?—the helmets of our intelligence and the swords of our wills. Why, the joy of the fight ought to be to us like that of a strong man ready to do battle, oughtn't it—oughtn't it?"

Dr. June, his straight white hair outlining his plump pink face, nodded—but one would have said that it was rather less at the Reverend Arthur than at his Barbary chrysanthemums, which nodded back at him.

"My young friend," said Dr. June, "will you forgive me for saying that it is fairly amazing to me how the church of God continues to use the terms of barbarism? We talk of the peace that passeth understanding, and yet we keep on employing metaphors of blood-red war. What does the modern church want of a helmet and a sword, if I may ask? Even rhetorically?"

"The Christian life is an eternal warfare against the forces of sin, is it not?" asked the Reverend Arthur Bliss in surprise.

"Let me suggest," said Dr. June, "that all good life is an eternal surren-



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der to the forces of good. There's a difference."

The visitor from the city smiled very reverently.

"I see, sir," he said, "that you are one of those wonderful non-combatants. You are by nature sanctified—and that I can well believe."

"I am by nature a miserable old sinner," rejoined the doctor, warmly. "Often—often I would enjoy a fine round Elizabethan oath—note how that single adjective condones my poor taste! But I hold that good is inflowing and that it possesses whom it may possess. If a man is too busy fighting, it may pass him by."

"But surely, sir," said the young clergyman, "you agree with me that a man wins his way into the kingdom of light by both a staff and a sword?"

"You will perhaps forgive me for agreeing with nothing of the sort," said the doctor, mildly; "I hold that a man takes his way to the light by grasping whatever the Lord puts in his hand—a hammer, a rope, a pen—and grasping it hard."

"But the ungifted—what of the ungifted?" cried the Reverend Arthur Bliss.

"There are none," said Dr. June, briefly.

"Busy, busy, busy all the day. Busy, busy, busy . . ." sounded suddenly from the street in Ellen's thin soprano. Dr. June looked down at her, his expression hardly softening, because it was always serenely soft. But the young clergyman saw with some amazement the strange little figure with her unbound hair and her arms high and swaying, and as she took some steps of her little dance before the gate he questioned his host with uplifted brows.

"A little mad," the doctor said, nodding, "like us all. She sings in the streets of a glad morning, and dances now and then. We take ours out in tangential opinions. It is nearly the same thing."

The young clergyman's face lighted responsively at this, and then he deferentially clinched his argument.

"There is a case in point," said he. "That poor creature there—what has the Lord put in her hand?"

Dr. June looked thoughtful.

"Nothing," he declared, "for any fight. But I'm not sure that she isn't made to be a leaven. The kingdom of God works like a leaven, you know, my dear young friend. Not like a dum-dum bullet."

"But—that poor creature. A leaven?" doubted the Reverend Arthur Bliss.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Dr. June, "I shouldn't wonder. I'm not so sure as I used to be that I can recognize leaven at first sight."

"Ah, that's it!" cried his guest. "But a soldier, now, is a soldier!"

Then they smiled their lack of acquiescence and went back to the figures for the fiscal year.

An hour later Dr. June stood alone on his garden walk, aimlessly pulling dead leaves from his chrysanthemums. He had done what he always did, following close on the heels of his well-established resolution never to do it again. He had pledged himself to try to raise one hundred dollars in Friendship for a pet philanthropy.

"It's a kind of dissipation with me," he said, helplessly, and wandered down to his gate. "If I read an article about the Congo Free State or Women in India it acts on me like—like brandy. I go off my head and give away my substance, and involve innocent people."

Then he heard Ellen's little song again. "Busy, busy, busy . . ." she sang, and came round the corner from the town, catching at the lowest branches of the curb elms and laughing a little. At Dr. June's gate she halted and shook some asters at him.

"Here," she said, "put one on your coat for a patch on your heart so's the break won't show. Ain't the Lord made the sun shine down this morning? Did you know there's a Carnival comin' to town?"

"Like enough, Ellen," said Dr. June. "Like enough."

"*Is* one," she persisted. "They said about it in the post-office—I heard 'em. Dancin', an' parrots, an' jumpin' dogs."

He stood looking at her thoughtfully as she arranged her flowers, singing under breath.

"Ellen," he said, "will you tell Miss

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Liddy a few of us are going to meet here in my yard to-morrow afternoon, to talk over some money-raising? And ask her to come?"

"I will," Ellen sang it, "I will an' I will. Did you mean me to come, too?" she broke off, wistfully.

"My stars, yes!" said Dr. June. "You're going to come early and help me, aren't you? I took that for granted."

"Here's your asters," said Ellen, tossing him a nosegay. "I'll tell Liddy while she's eatin'. Liddy don't like me to talk much when she's workin'. But when she eats I can talk, an' I'll tell her then."

She went on, singing, and Dr. June shook his head.

"I don't know but Brother Bliss is right," he said, "though I hope I can keep my doubts to myself and not brag about 'em, just to be the style. But it does look as if poor Ellen Ember came into the world empty-handed. As if the Lord didn't give her much of anything to work *with*."

Summons to a meeting to talk over money-raising is, in Friendship, like the call to festivity in a different life. The cause never greatly matters. Our interests appear to range from ice to coral. For let the news get about that there is to be a bazar for China, a home bakery sale for the missionary station at Trebizond, or a Japanese tea for the Friendship cemetery fund, and we all sew or bake or lend dishes or sell tickets with the same infinitude of zeal—sometimes gusto, for the enterprise in hand absorbs our sense of the ultimate object; as when, after three days of hand-to-hand battle to wrest money for the freedmen from the patrons of our Kermess at the old roller-skating rink, Mrs. Amanda Toplady, secretary and door-tender, handed over our $64.85 with the wondering question:

"What do they mean by Freegman, anyway? What country is it they live in?"

It was no marvel that Dr. June's garden was filled, that yellow afternoon, with many of us eager for action. Some of us knew that there was a Babies' Home fund deficit; but more of us knew only that we were to "talk over some money-raising." I remember how, from the garden seat against the chrysanthemums, the doctor faced us, all scattered about the antlered walk and its triangle of green, erect on golden oak and bright velvet chairs from within doors. And when he had told us of the shortage to which we were party, instantly the talk emptied into channels of possible popcorn social, chicken-pie supper, apron sale, Christmas-present bazar, Old Settlers' Entertainment, and so on. At which Dr. June rose, and stood touching thoughtfully at the leaves of the chrysanthemum which grew nearest, while he essayed to turn our minds from chicken pot-pie part veal, and bib-aprons, to the eternal verities.

"My friends," he said, "isn't there a better way? Let us, this time, give of our hearts' love to the little children of God, instead of buying pies and Christmas gifts in his name."

There was, of course, an instant's hush in the garden. We were not used to paradoxes, and we felt as concave images must feel when they first look upon the world. It was as amazing as if we had been told that God grieves with us instead of afflicting us, as we held.

"None of us has much money to give," Dr. June went on; "let us take the way that lies nearest our hand, and make a little money. God never permitted any normal human creature to come into his world unprovided with some means of making it better. Only, let us get outside our bazar and chicken-pie faculties. Now what can we each do?"

We sat still for a little, tentatively murmuring; and then Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame-Bliss stood up by the sweet-alyssum urn.

"Speakin' of what we can do," she said, "doin' ain't easy. Not when you're well along in years. Your ways seem to stiffen up some. When I was a girl, I could 'a' been quite an elocutionist if I could 'a' had lessons. I had a reg'lar born sense o' givin' gestures. But I never took. An' now I declare I don't know of anything I could do. It's the same way, I guess, with quite a number of us."

Mis' Postmaster Sykes was in the armchair, and she sat still, queenly.

"I could do some o' my embroidery,"

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she observed, "but it's quite expensive stuff, an' I don't know whether it would sell real well here in Friendship. I'd be 'most afraid to risk. An' I don't do enough cooking, myself, to what-you-might-say know how, any more."

"Same with my sewing," observed Mis' Mayor Uppers; "I put it all out now. I don't know as I could sew up a seam. That's the trouble, hiring everything done so."

Those of us who did not hire everything done preserved a respectful silence. And Dr. June looked up in the elm-trees.

"The Lord," he said, "spoke to Moses out of the burning bush. The Lord said unto Moses, 'What is that in thine hand?' Moses had, you remember, nothing but a rod in his hand. But it was enough to let the people know that God had been with him—that the Lord had appeared unto him. Suppose the glory of the Lord, there in the chrysanthemums, should ask us now, as it does ask, 'What is that in thine hand?' What have we got?"

There was silence again, and we looked at one another doubtfully.

"Land, Doctor!" said Miss Libbie Liberty then, "I been tryin' for two years to earn a new parlor carpet, an' I ain't had nothin' in my hand to earn with. So I keep on sayin' I *like* an old Brussels carpet—they're so easy to sweep."

"My!" said Abigail Arnold, who keeps the home bakery, "I declare, I'd be real put to it to try to make extry money. 'Bout the only thing the Lord seems to 'a' put in my hand is time. I've got oodles o' that, layin' 'round loose."

Mis' Photographer Sturgis is an invalid—not, I think, because of ill health, but by temperament. She is an invalid as other people are blonde or brunette, and no more to be said about it, and every one to take it for granted. She was in the big garden chair, with her feet on an inverted flower-pot.

"I'm tryin' to think," she said, looking sidewise at the ground. "I donno's I know how I could earn a cent, convenient. It ain't real easy for women to earn. I think mebbe the Lord meant the men to be the Moseses."

Mis' Amanda Toplady's voice rolled out, deep and comfortable, like a complaisant giant's.

"Well said!" she remarked. "I'm drove to death all day. If anybody's to ask me what I got in my hand, I declare I guess I'd say, real reverent: Dear Lord, I've got my hands full, an' that's about all I have got."

So we went on, saying much or little as was our nature, but we all agreed that we were virtually helpless.

"What's in my hands?" said grim Miss Liddy Ember finally, in her thin falsetto. "Well, I ain't got any real, what-you-might-call hands. I just got kind o' cat's paws for my three meals a day an' my rent."

Then, by her sister's side, Ellen Ember stood up. We had hardly noticed her, sitting there quietly playing with some of the doctor's flowers. But now we saw that she had hurriedly twisted her splendid hair about her head, and by this we understood that she was herself again. We had seen her come to herself like this on the street, when she would go hurrying home, the tears running down her face in shame for her unbound hair and her singing and dancing. Poor Ellen Ember! Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were shining as she rose now, and she looked appealingly pretty, one hand, palm outward, half hiding her trembling mouth. By her soft eyes, too, we knew that she was herself again.

"You all know," she began, and dare not trust herself. "You all know—" she said again, and we understood what she would say. "What can I do?" she cried to us. "What is there I can do? I ain't got anything but my craziness! Oh, it seems like I *ain't* much, an' so I'd ought to *do* all the more."

To soothe her, we took our woman's way of all talking at once. And then Dr. June called out cheerily that he felt the way Ellen did, that he wasn't a real Moses, for what had he—Dr. June—in his hand, and didn't we all know there was no money in pills? And then he told us how the Reverend Arthur Bliss was to be in the town again on Wednesday of the next week, and would we not all think the matter over quietly, and

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meet with them on that evening, for cakes and tea?

"As many of you as can," he said, "come with a plan to earn a dollar, and tell how you mean to do it. Ellen, you and I'll preside at the meeting, and hear what the rest say, and keep real still ourselves—like proper officers."

But Ellen Ember would not be comforted. She stood with that one hand, palm outward, pressed against her lips, looking at us with big, brimming eyes.

"I ain't got nothin' but my craziness, you know," she said over. And then, as she was going through the gateway, she turned to Dr. June.

"Why, Wednesday's the first night o' the Carnival!" she cried. "You set the meetin' on the first night o' the Carnival!"

"My stars!" cried Dr. June, gravely. "And I might have been selling pills on the grounds!"

All Friendship Village loves a Carnival. Once the word meant to me a Florentine *fiesta* day, with a feast of color and of many little fine things, "real, like laughter." Now when I say "carnival" I mean the painted eruption by night from the market square of some town like Friendship, when lines broaden and waver grotesquely, when the mirth is in great silhouettes and Color goes unmasked.

I always make my way to such a place, for it holds for me the wonder of the untoward; as will a strolling Italian plodding past my house at night with his big, silent bear; or the spectacle of the huge, faded red ice-wagon, with powerful horses and rattling chains and tongs, and giants in blue denim atop the crystal; or the strange, copper world that dissolves in the fluid of certain sunsets. And that Wednesday night, a week later, on my way to the "dollar meeting" at Dr. June's, I turned toward the Friendship Carnival with some vestige of my youth clinging to the hem of things.

I gave my attention to them all: the popcorn wagon, an aristocratic affair that looked like a hearse; the little painted canaries and love-birds, so out of place and patient that I thought they must have souls to form as well as we; the sad little live monkey, incessantly dodging white balls thrown at him by certain immortals (who, when they hit him, got pipes); and the giant who flung "Look! Look! Look! Look!" through a megaphone, while a good little dog toiled up a ladder and then stood at the ladder's top in a silence that was all nice reticence and dignity. Also, the huge Saxon fellow who, at the portal of the Arabian Court of Art and Regular Café Restaurant, sang a love song through a megaphone—"Tenderly, dearest, I breathe thy sweet name," he hallooed, with his free hand beckoning the crowd to the Court of Art.

And then I saw the Lyric Dance Arcade and Indian Palace of Asiatic Mystery. And I found myself close to the platform, listening to the cry of a man in gilt knickerbockers.

"Ladies! Gentlemen! All!" he summoned. "Never in the history of the show business has there been anything resemblin' this. Come here—here—here—here! See Zorah, queen of the West and princess of the East, who is about to begin one of her most sublimely sensational dances. See her, see her, you may never again see her! Graceful, glittering, genteel. Graceful, glittering, gente-e-e-l. I am telling you about Zorah, queen of the West and princess of the East, in her ancient Asiatic dance, the most up-to-date little act in the entire show business to-day. Here she is, waiting for you—you—you. Everybody that's got the dime!"

Until he ceased I had hardly noticed Zorah herself, standing in the canvas portico. The woman had, I observed then, a kind of appealing prettiness and a genuineness of pose. She was looking out on the crowd with the usual manner of simulated shyness, but to the shyness was given conviction by an uplifted hand, palm outward, hiding her mouth. I noted her small, stained face, her splendid unbound hair—and then a certain resemblance caught at my heart. And I saw that she was wearing a skirt made of a man's plaid shawl, and about her shoulders was a rosy, old-fashioned nubia. Her face and throat were stained and so were her thin little arms—but I knew her.

The performance was, as the man had

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said, about to begin, and already he was giving Zorah her signal to go within. Somehow I bought a ticket and hurried into the tent. The seats were sparingly occupied, and I saw, as I would have guessed, no one whom I knew in the eager, stamping little audience. In their midst I lost the slim figure that had preceded me, until she mounted the platform and swept before the footlights a stately courtesy.

And there, in the smoky little tent, Ellen Ember began to dance, with her quite surprising grace—as Pierrette might have danced in Carnival. It was the charming, faery measure which she had danced for me in Miss Liddy's dining-room; and as she had sung to me then, so now, in a sweet piping voice, she sang her incongruous little song:

"O Day of wind and laughter,
A goddess born are you,
Whose eyes are in the morning
Blue—blue!
The slumbrous noon your body is,
Your feet the shadows' flight,
But the immortal soul of you
Is Night."

It seemed to me that I sat for hours in that hot little place, cut off from the world, watching. Again and again, to the brass blare of some hoyden tune, she set the words of the lyric that "she liked the feel of," and she danced on and on. And when at last the music shattered off, and she ceased, and ran behind a screening canvas, somehow I made my way forward through the crowd that was clapping hands and calling her back, and I gained the place where she stood.

When I asked her to come with me, she nodded and smiled, with unseeing eyes, and assented quite simply, and then suddenly sat down before the lifted tent flap.

"But I must wait for my money," she said. "That's what I came for—my money. They thought I'd never earn my dollar, but I have!"

At this I understood. And now I marvel how I talked at all to the man in gilt knickerbockers who arrived and haggled over the whole matter.

Zorah, he explained, the sure-enough Zorah, had got double pneumony in the last place they made, an' they'd had to leave her behind. An' when he told about it down town that morning, this little piece here had up an' offered. Somethin' had to be done—he left it to me if they didn't. He felt his duty to the amusement park public, him. So he had closed with her for a dollar for three fifteen-minute turns—he give two shillings a turn, on the usual, but she'd hung out stout for the even money. An' she'd danced her three, queer but satisfactory. You could hand 'em queer things in the show business, if you only dressed the part. Yes, sure, here was the dollar. Be on hand to-morrow night? No? Sufferin' snakes, but was we goin' to leave him shipwrecked?

Finally I got her away, and skirted the market-place with her dancing at my side, shaking her silver dollar in her shut palms and singing:

"Busy, busy, busy all the day. An' then I earned my dollar, my dollar—they never thought I'd earn my dollar . . ."

I remember, as we struck into the unlighted block where Miss Liddy's house stood, that I was struggling hard for my own serenity, so that I did not observe for a moment that Ellen stopped beside me. But I knew that she fell silent, and when I turned I saw her there on the dark walk hurriedly twisting her splendid hair about her head. And by that and by her silence I understood that she was suddenly herself, and of her own mind, as we say.

On this, "Ellen!" said I quickly, "how fine of you to have earned your Babies' Home dollar so quickly. But you have beaten us all!"

She had contrived to fasten her hair, and I saw her touching tentatively the folds of her strange dress. And so I made her know what she had done, as gently as I might, and with all praise I stilled her dismay and shame. And last I led her, as I was determined that I would do, past Miss Liddy's dark little house and on to the home of Dr. June.

I think that I would not have dared take Ellen, just as she was, in her plaid skirt and her rosy nubia, into that black and brown henrietta-cloth assembly, if I had remembered that there was to be a stranger present. But this I had quite

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forgotten in the events of the hour. And I first remembered as I entered the room and came face to face with the Reverend Arthur Bliss, talking of the figures for the fiscal year.

"—And the deficit," he was saying, "ought to be made up by us who are so well equipped to do it. With Paul, let us fight the good fight—of every day. This is to-day's fight. Now let's talk over our various weapons."

Dr. June looked thoughtfully at his young guest, and in the older face was a brooding tenderness—like the tenderness of the father who longs to hold the child in quiet, in his arms.

"Yes," said Dr. June, "'fighting' is one name for it. I am tempted to say that 'drudgery' is another name. Errantry, ministry, service, or whatever. It all comes to the same thing: 'What is that in thine hand?' Well, now, who of us is first?"

"I think," said I then, "that Ellen Ember is first."

She would have shrunk back from the doorway to the passage, but I put my arm about her, and then I told them. And when I had done, I remember how she threw up that pathetic hand of hers, palm outward, and this time it was over her eyes.

"I'm a disgrace to all of you!" she said, sobbing, "an' to the whole Babies' Home. But I guess anyhow it's all the way I had. Seems like I ain't got nothin' in the world but my craziness!"

There was silence for a moment—that rich silence which flowers in the heart. And then that great Miss Amanda Toplady spoke out, in her deep voice which now she someway contrived to keep firm.

"Well said!" she cried. "I come here to say I'd give a dollar outright to get red o' the whole thing, rather'n to fuss. But now I ain't goin' to stop at a dollar. Seems like a dollar for me wouldn't be *moral*. I'm goin' to sell some strawberry plants—why, we got hunderds of 'em to spare. I can do it by turnin' my hand over. An' I expec' the Lord meant you should turn your hand over to find out what's in it, anyway."

I think that then we tried our woman's way of all talking at once, but I remember how the shrill voice of Abigail Arnold, of the home bakery, rose above the others:

"Cream puffs!" she cried. "I got a demand for my cream puffs every Sat' day, an' I ain't been makin' 'em sole-because I hate to run after the milk an' set it. An' I was goin' to get out o' this by givin' fifty cents out o' the bakery till. An' me with my hands full o' cream puffs . . ."

"Hens—hens is what mine is," Libbie Liberty was exclaiming. "My grief, I got both hands full o' hens! I wouldn't sell 'em because I can't bear to hev any of 'em killed—they're tame as a bag o' feathers, all of 'em. I guess I ben settin' the hens o' my hand over against the heathen an' the orph'ns. An' now I'm goin' to sell spring chickens . . ."

Mis' Sturgis in the rocking-chair was waving a corner of her shawl.

"C-canaries!" she cried. "I can raise canary-birds an' sell 'em a dollar apiece in the city. I m-meant to slide out account o' my health, but it was just because I hate to muss 'round b-boilin' eggs for the little ones. I'll raise a couple or two—mebbe more."

"My good land!" came Miss Liddy Ember's piping falsetto; "to think o' my sittin' up, hesitatin', when rag rugs just fall off the ends o' my fingers! An' me in my right mind, too."

Dear Dr. June stood up among us, his face shining.

"Bless us!" he cried. "Didn't I have a chrysanthemum in my hand even while I stood talking to you the other afternoon in my garden? And haven't I got some tri-colored Barbary varieties to make men marvel? And can't I sell 'em in the city at a pretty profit? We'll have to get on with only a bed or two in Friendship next year. But what I've got in my hand is seeds—I see that plain enough. And, my stars! out they go!"

Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame-Bliss, Mis' Postmaster Sykes, Mis' Mayor Uppers—ah! they all knew what to do, knew it as if somebody had been saying it over and over, and as if they now first listened.

But Ellen Ember sat crying, her face buried in her hands. And I think that she cannot have understood, even when Dr. June touched her hair and said some-

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thing of the little leaven which leaveneth the whole lump.

Last, the Reverend Arthur Bliss arose, and there was a sudden hush among us, for it was as if a new spirit shone in his strong young face.

"Dear friends," he said, "dear friends . . ." And then, "Lord God," he prayed abruptly with bowed head, "show me what is that in my hand—thy tool where I had looked for my sword!"

# RICHARD HOOK AND CROOK

## BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

THE story of the last Yorkist king of England, the wicked crouchback Richard of Gloucester, who waded through gore to a throne that was deservedly snatched from him, has been so frequently told that in these remote days there would seem to be no necessity of rehearsing it. Yet modern historical research, which has done so much to make and unmake long-established reputations, insists that the truth about Richard is still imperfectly known. In particular, the latest investigator into his life and times, Sir Clements Markham,[1] following the lead of the brilliant Horace Walpole, would have it that Richard has been sadly misjudged, that he was in reality no monster, but a kind-hearted, generous king; that he lost his crown and his life as the result of a dastardly conspiracy, and that the revolting portrait handed down to posterity was drawn, not by trustworthy historians, but by hirelings writing in the interest of the Henry Tudor who profited by Richard's death. Nay, Sir Clements Markham goes still further, alleging that the greatest infamy laid at Richard's door, the murder of the young princes in the Tower, was actually committed by Henry to buttress his own usurpation on the headship of England. This extreme view is shared by no other historian of repute; and Dr. James Gairdner, the great authority for the period, has been at the trouble of exposing the fallacies underlying Sir Clements Markham's argument. But, thanks to Sir Clements and his fellow-doubters, it is now pretty generally recognized, by those competent to pass on the evidence, that Richard III. had virtues too long overlooked, and that he was a product of the times in which he lived rather than exceptionally cruel and unscrupulous.

He began life under circumstances well calculated to bring to the surface all the baser elements of his nature. When he was born, in 1452, the country was on the eve of the disastrous Wars of the Roses, in which his father, the ambitious Duke of York, led the forces opposed to the Lancastrians. At seven years of age Richard himself became a prisoner of war after the disgraceful rout of the Yorkist host at Ludlow. In another year came the battle of Wakefield, when the terrible news was brought to the Duchess of York that she had lost her husband and a son, and must flee for her own life. Then followed for the boy Richard a hurried journey to Holland; the proclamation of his brother as King Edward IV.; the crowning victory of Towton over the unduly confident Lancastrians; and the flight of the rightful but imbecile king, Henry VI., into Scotland. Kaleidoscopic changes, these, that must have left a deep and abiding impression on the plastic mind of the young Richard. Never, as is well known, did he forget the ghastly treatment accorded the corpse of his father; and never did he cease to glory in the triumphs of his brother, who in later years was to owe much to his loyalty, devotion, and callous disregard for the value of human life.

Even after his return to England, when Edward had crushed his foes into a sullen submission and seemed to be firmly seated on the throne, the hardening, brutalizing process continued. For his education in knightly accomplishments

[1] Richard III.: His Life and Character. By Sir Clements R. Markham. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50, net.

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Richard was placed in the household of his kinsman, the "King-Maker" Earl of Warwick. Here, if subjected to the gentle influence of Warwick's little daughter Anne—whom he was to marry in after years and whom tradition was unjustly to accuse him of murdering by poison—he was thrown much into the company of coarse, flint-hearted men-at-arms, whose talk was all of blood, vengeance, and sudden death. And in time, as Warwick tired of allegiance to Edward and plotted to restore Henry, he began to hear another kind of talk—the seductive voice of the tempter promising him high place and great favor if only he would join his fortunes with those of his brother's foes. But the early enthusiasm had not died out, the overweening and selfish ambition had not yet arisen; and he chose rather to join Edward in the bitter exile to which Warwick's treachery condemned him. From that exile, less than six months afterwards and with a following of scarce twelve hundred men, the brothers returned—the one to regain his title to the throne, the other to become the real ruler of England.

Richard was now in his nineteenth year, and in personal appearance bore little resemblance to the misshapen, withered-armed, hideous-featured, altogether bat-like monstrosity depicted by Shakespeare and Tudor writers of lesser note. In Windsor Castle there hangs a picture of him which, at any rate in the opinion of Sir Clements Markham, "is so remarkable that it must have been taken from life. The eyes are a little closed, and give a thoughtful, almost dreamy look. The other features are regular; the lips thin and firm, the chin prominent. The whole expression is that of a thoughtful and earnest man, firm, resolute, and fearless." Of course, though Sir Clements does not deem it necessary to call attention to the fact, the probability is that the artist idealized his subject considerably. But there is other contemporary evidence to prove that, if below the common stature and slightly deformed by having one shoulder a trifle higher than the other, Richard was not the fiendish-looking dwarf of Tudor caricature. Certainly, no repellent creature such as he has been pictured could have won the confidence and affection of the English people to the extent that he undoubtedly did. And it is significant, too, that not even those who have striven hardest to blacken his memory deny that beneath his supposedly forbidding and fearful exterior there beat the heart of a lion.

Thus far, to be sure, his innate dauntlessness had manifested itself only in negative, passive ways. But from the moment of the landing at Ravenspur, in the gale that swept the brothers' fleet to England, his bravery was always and unquestionably apparent. Laughing to scorn the tidings that from every quarter hostile forces were converging to Nottingham, where Edward had set up his standard, Richard sharpened his sword for its maiden fleshing. Fighting, however, there was none for nearly a month, London falling without a blow, and Henry VI. being caught and placed in the Tower. Then came the battle of Barnet, when Richard performed prodigies of valor, and the mighty Warwick received his death-wound. After this, Tewkesbury, with the final extinguishment of Lancastrian hopes and the flight overseas of that young Henry Tudor who in later days was to return to lay the foundation of England's present greatness. Now opposition was at an end, and by June 1, 1471, Edward IV. was once more firmly seated on the throne, this time not by the grace of the "King-Maker," but by sheer right of conquest.

In the meantime an incident occurred which has been interpreted greatly to the disadvantage of Richard of Gloucester. On May 21, after the battle of Tewkesbury, Edward and Richard entered London, and that same night, the story goes, Henry VI. died in his chambers in the Tower, where Richard had paid a visit in the course of the evening. The inference, made by even so recent a historian as Professor Oman, is that Richard, at his brother's behest, foully murdered the deposed king. But, if Sir Clements Markham has proved anything in his study of the character of Richard, he has demonstrated that the exact date of Henry's death is a matter of doubt, and that the evidence indicates that he died several days after May 21,

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when Richard could have had no hand in his taking off, as he was then at Sandwich. That he was murdered is itself doubtful, it being quite possible that, as Sir Clements Markham insists, the generally accepted version of the manner of his death is a calumny originating with the Tudor annalists. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the removal of Henry would be to the Yorkist king's advantage; also that Richard's loyalty to his brother was such that he would scruple at nothing to strengthen the latter's position.

Assuredly, he served him faithfully and well in the dark years when, having laid aside the sword, Edward lapsed from potential greatness into the degrading existence of a picture monarch and led a life of dissolute ease. Richard was then in Yorkshire, beloved by all classes of north country folk, and happily married to the Anne of Warwick who had been the playmate of his boyhood. But, as his brother's weaknesses became more and more apparent, he hastened to take the reins of government into his own strong hands, ruling with a vigor and yet with a moderation that won him wide esteem. In this way, with Richard constantly growing more sure of himself and of his countrymen's affections, and the titular monarch steadily losing the respect of all, the years passed until, one April morning in 1483, a messenger rode into Richard's camp in distant marches of Scotland, bringing word that Edward IV. was dead, and that his son, another Edward, had succeeded to the throne of England.

No tidings could well have been more disconcerting to the sturdy Gloucester. The new king was but a boy, and the chances were that he would be completely controlled by his mother and her relatives, who hated Richard, and would lose no time in depriving him of the power he had wielded. As he sat within his tent and meditated the news from London, anxiety, passion, and a firm resolution in turn held his quick-acting mind. But, masking his thoughts, and for the moment hiding his secret ambitions from even those closest to him, he took horse for York, and there loyally proclaimed his nephew King of England. Then, with six hundred men of the north, all in deep mourning, he journeyed on to London. By his brother's will he was to have charge of the boy monarch's person during his minority, and of the governance of the realm. But long ere he reached the capital he was met by the Duke of Buckingham, with the not unexpected warning that the queen mother and her family were determined to withhold the little Edward from his keeping, and to exclude him from the regency. The King, it seemed, was even then being hurried by Lord Rivers to London, where the queen mother was impatiently awaiting his arrival, and where her elder son, the Marquis of Dorset, had already taken possession of the arms and treasure in the Tower, and fitted out a naval force.

Lack of courage was never one of Richard's faults. Although Rivers's following totaled two thousand men, he did not hesitate to place that nobleman under arrest, and seize the King himself. At once the situation underwent a complete change. Abandoning all thought of resistance, the queen mother, with her younger son, Richard of York, and her five daughters, took sanctuary at Westminster; her brother, Sir Edward Woodville, and the Marquis of Dorset fled to sea; and Richard entered the capital in triumph, to be warmly welcomed by the lords of the council and hailed as Protector and "Defender of the Realm." This was early in May. Before the month had half sped, the boy King was shut up in the Tower, and enormous levies of Richard's Yorkshire retainers had flowed into the city. Daily, too, Richard held secret and prolonged conferences with Buckingham and other of the leading nobles. It was evident that a *coup d'état* was impending, but for what purpose no man could tell. Richard himself, still concealing his ambitious designs beneath an inscrutable countenance, made the formal announcement that on June 22 the King would be crowned. None the less a feeling of uneasiness spread, to find expression in a conspiracy led by Lord Hastings, a trusted adviser of Edward IV., to overthrow Richard's authority. Now the mask of disinterestedness was thrown

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aside for all time, and the smoldering fierceness of Richard's nature blazed into open fire.

The story has often been told of how he came to Hastings with lowering brow and angrily demanded what should be done to those who might dare to plot against the life of one so near in blood to the King as he was. Hastings, discomfited, could only stammer, "Such, my lord, if they have done so heinously, deserve the worst." Whereat Richard, "Dost thou serve me with 'ifs' and 'ans'? I tell thee they have done it, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor." A blow on the table with a clenched fist, the bursting in of armed men awaiting this signal, the dragging of Hastings into the courtyard, where a log was made to serve as the executioner's block, and the first scene in Richard's carnival of blood had been enacted. Perhaps Sir Clements Markham is right in protesting that a week elapsed between the arrest and the execution, and that Hastings was given at least a form of trial. But the point is of comparative unimportance. From the moment Richard found in his brother's counselor an obstacle to the fulfillment of his plans, Hastings was a doomed man; and for a like reason death awaited Rivers and three other noble lords languishing in a Yorkshire prison since the failure of the queen mother's daring project.

Meanwhile a strange story was officially promulgated to the attentive and wondering citizens of London. It had been discovered, so this story ran, that King Edward IV. had not been legally married to the mother of King Edward V., having been "precontracted" to Lady Eleanor Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Consequently Edward V. was illegitimate, as were all the other children of Edward IV., and could have no title to the crown. The rightful heir was, therefore, the eldest son of the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV. and Richard of Gloucester. But Clarence's children were likewise debarred from the succession, by reason of their father's attainder for treason many years before. There remained only Richard of Gloucester himself, against whose right to ascend the throne no defect could be urged. Amazed at the strange notion that a man's marriage was invalid because of a prior engagement which had come to naught, the Londoners listened in silence to the eloquence of Buckingham, who besought them to petition Richard to assert his claim to the kingship. But, their instinctive loyalty deadened by the dynastic upheavals of the Wars of the Roses, they offered no opposition when Gloucester's retainers exultantly acclaimed, "Richard for king!" Off went Buckingham to interpret their wishes as seemed best to him and his master; and on July 6, after little Prince Richard had been securely locked in the Tower with his hapless brother, the Protector was duly crowned in the presence of almost every nobleman of England. The usurpation was complete.

Nor does there seem to be any doubt that, had it not been for his own mad criminality, Richard III. might have enjoyed a long, prosperous, and happy reign. He was still a young man, being barely in his thirties; he was popular with the mass of his countrymen; and the records of his single Parliament show that he had an eye to the interests of his subjects. Lord Bacon, no friendly critic, said of him that he was "jealous of the honor of the English nation, and likewise a good lawmaker for the ease and solace of the common people." Sir Clements Markham, at greater length, points out that "the public acts of Richard's Parliament are noted for their wisdom and beneficial effects. One of them gave security to purchasers of land against secret feoffments, another conferred power on magistrates to accept bail from persons accused of felony, another was intended to prevent the intimidation of juries. The abolition of benevolences was a most beneficent measure, designed to put an end to an oppressive system of extorting money." But nothing that Richard or his Parliament did "for the ease and solace of the common people" could atone for the crimes in which he plunged for the sake of tightening his grasp on the crown he had won by force and fraud.

In fact, one of the most striking pieces of evidence in support of the graver

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counts of the indictment drawn against him by the Tudor writers is the revulsion of feeling that set in shortly after the time it became noised about that Edward V. and his brother Richard, helpless lads of twelve and nine, had been murdered in the Tower at Richard's orders. No details of the crime were then obtainable, nor until well in the reign of Henry VII., when one of the murderers, Sir James Tyrell, confessed that the boys had been smothered in their beds and buried at the foot of a staircase in the White Tower; where, in fact, their skeletons were discovered nearly two hundred years afterward. But such was the general belief in the rumor that they had been done to death that the French Chancellor alluded to it in his speech to the States General in the following January. Accustomed though they were to deeds of violence and treachery, the English people could not endure this shameless act of perfidy. Among Richard's supporters themselves, terrified lest at any moment his suspicious jealousy might launch a thunderbolt in their direction, murmurings arose; and out of murmurings grew conspiracy.

Buckingham, the Buckingham who had so zealously labored to lift Richard into the throne, was the first to move openly against him, taking arms within a scant three months of the coronation. Looking for aid from France and from the refugee Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, Buckingham was foiled, however, by a tempest that held the invading fleet well out to sea; his host faded away, and he himself, betrayed by a retainer in whose house he thought to find a place of hiding, was dragged to Richard's camp at Salisbury and there beheaded. A period of executions followed, Richard's own brother-in-law being among those to suffer the punishment of traitors. Unrest and discontent flourished only the more, until presently, to quote Sir Thomas More's vivid picture, Richard "was never quiet in his mind, never thought himself secure. When he went abroad, his eyes whirled about, his body was privily fenced, his hand ever on his dagger, his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again. He took ill rest at nights, lay long waking and musing; sore wearied with care and watch, he rather slumbered than slept. So was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his most abominable deeds."

His misfortunes began in earnest with the death of his only son, Edward Prince of Wales, on April 9, 1484; thus reopening the question of the succession. Throughout the summer of that year troubles with Scotland held him in the north, and finally led him across the border, whence he was driven back by the hardy Scots, still resolved to brook no English sovereignty. Then, in the early spring of 1485, came the death of his wife, Anne, whom Richard seems to have loved with all the devotion of his rugged nature. And fast on the heels of this sorrow followed the tidings that Henry Tudor had set sail from Harfleur with an invading army of mercenaries and a personal following that included almost as many Yorkists as Lancastrians.

Now the lion in Richard of Gloucester sprang with an angry roar. He would meet this Welsh adventurer, meet him in fair fight, and visit on him such a punishment that rebellion would not soon raise its ugly head again. From east and west, from north and south, he summoned his levies; and, albeit the response was feeble and half-hearted, he longed for the day of battle with not a whit less eagerness. Henry, he knew, had landed in Wales, had appealed to local pride and patriotism to rally the Welsh gentry about him, and was marching straight towards the camp where the royal banners waved. What Richard did not know, though he suspected much, was that treason thrived in the royal camp itself, fomented most of all by the royal general, Sir William Stanley, and his son. So openly, indeed, did the Stanleys work, that Richard could not mistake their plans, and as a guard against treachery clapped the younger man into irons, with the threat that his head should come off did his father turn traitor. For all of which my lord William crept to the Tudor camp and there gave Henry his pledge that once the issue was joined he would fight not against but with him.

Now, in truth, might Richard tremble,

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toss uneasily on his cot, twitch and moan the livelong night. For the hosts of the Stanleys held the balance, and as they went so must go the battle. Nay, too, as his spies told him, the army itself was lukewarm in its fealty, must be spurred and booted into action. Then he would spur it. When the day broke, haggard and pallid, but with unfaltering mien, the doomed Richard, pacing to and fro on Bosworth field, exhorted his men to be brave and fear not, fighting to acquit themselves like noble knights one and all, and to rid England of its Welsh pest. He could, he promised them with haughty arrogance, rest confident in a glorious triumph did they but obey his commands. Yonder was the foe. Up and off and at them! Up and off some indeed went. But others held back. "Treason! Treason!" rose Richard's cry. And as the Stanley legion, lingering dubiously to gauge where victory lay, struck home at last with deadly force, "Treason! Treason!" echoed Richard's men.

Breaking, the royal army melted away, pallid shapes fleeing hither and thither, each man to his fancy or his chance. Only Richard fled not. "I can at least die King of England," was his grim retort to the faithful few who bade him escape while they made good his flight with their lives. Laying about him with sword and battle-ax, glaring his bitter wish for hand-to-hand with the Tudor, dying in better part than he had lived since first he seized the throne, Richard of Gloucester hewed among the enemy till he himself was hewed down. It was the truly mediæval ending of a truly mediæval man—rough, bloody, barbarous, but blunt and bold and brave.

His body they stripped and dragged away in ignominy; his helmet served to crown the conqueror. And soon all England, after much groaning and fretting and fitful perturbation, was made to realize that Yorkists and Lancastrians had alike become of the past and that a new and nobler era had dawned. Not unnaturally, contrasting the hopelessness of Richard's reign with the promise of his successor's, tradition tended to darken and distort, until the portrait of the valiant Gloucester became that of a monstrosity, hideous, cruel, altogether wicked. But we of a later age, viewing the long-gone happenings from afar, can see that this was not fully so—that all the villainy of Richard's nature, or almost all, blazed out only during his brief, unhappy reign; that in the earlier years, before ambition clutched his soul, he acquitted himself manfully and well.

# *Comment on Current Books*

*The Making of the French Republic*

The reading of contemporary history has a peculiar charm. If we study the story of past ages, it takes a great deal to put us into the atmosphere of those ages; only such autobiographies as that of Benvenuto Cellini, for example, really accomplish it. If we study about present politics, we are continually hampered by the uneasy consciousness that, strive as we may, we cannot put ourselves into a proper perspective; for that, time is absolutely necessary. But when we read about contemporary history—the history, say, of the past thirty years, a generation—we have, first of all, often the satisfaction of feeling that we are in touch with it. And, whether so or not, that history is not so dissociated from present politics as to lose the vividness of actuality. A book, for instance, like the just-published third volume[1] of M. Hanotaux's story of the France of our times gives us these sensations. The subject matter of this volume has already taken its definite niche in history. The making of the Third Republic, though accomplished only about thirty years ago, now stands out with cameo-like distinctness from subsequent French history, indeed from that which immediately preceded it, for the tragic time of the Prussian War and of the Commune were uncharacteristic and confused days for France. The true character of the French people of the past century has manifested itself at various junctures during that century, but never so completely as during the time when the National Assembly brought the present

[1] Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hanotaux. Translated from the French. Vol. III. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.75.

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parliamentary government into being. The leaders of that period have now taken their definite place in the gallery of fame—Gambetta, Louis Blanc, Wallon, Dufaure, Buffet, Jules Ferry, Jules Simon, and those three ducal statesmen, the Duc de Broglie, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, and the Duc Decazes. Our historian, having been himself Minister of Foreign Affairs, follows their movements with infinite interest and vivacity, and communicates much of that interest to the reader. While M. Hanotaux leaves the impress of a painstaking scholar, while he records a statesmanlike judgment on well-nigh every page, he also leaves a deeper impress—that of a psychologist and of a philosopher. In his estimates of his own nation and his own people he does not hesitate to point out to them their supreme failing—vanity. It must have taken genuine courage for one to whom political life may still hold out many opportunities to speak thus frankly. To these qualities of ability and independence M. Hanotaux adds that of a singularly lucid style. With the publication of his fourth and concluding volume M. Hanotaux's contribution to the understanding of modern France will be practically indispensable to the student of very modern European history in general, and in particular of the contemporary history of France.

*Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant*

In these unpublished letters[1] and mementoes we hear the voice of a time filled with what seem now to have been exaggerations of every question. In the name of liberty and glory France indulged her geniuses in incredible extravagances. These letters from Madame de Staël to Benjamin Constant, while not of great political importance, show clearly the temper of the times, as well as the emotions of the distinguished woman who wrote them. They are not many, and do not by any means cover the whole period when these two famous people were intimately connected. They show the decadence of their devotion, and represent, by implication, "the inconstant Constant" in any but an admirable light. The editor, a great-granddaughter of Mme. de Constant, the amiable lady who condoned and smiled, has prepared brief biographical notes of the persons referred to in the correspondence, and allows herself to make piquant comments from time to time. She explains Constant's fickle disloyalty as the effect of a youthful infatuation for a woman who exemplified the saying, "Tout comprendre est tout pardonner," and adds, "Synonym, unhappily, of 'tout démoraliser.'" She recalls the witty growl of Napoleon when he banished Mme. de Staël. "This woman," he said, "teaches people to think who would not do it themselves, or who have forgotten how." She repeats the excellent story of Talleyrand's discomfiture when, seated between Mme. de Staël and Mme. Récamier, he remarked, "Here am I between wit and beauty," and "wit" replied, "But at this moment you have neither one nor the other." The character of Constant is reflected in his mocking remark when his letter of self-justification had been accepted by the King, after the Restoration, "My memorial has persuaded the King, though it failed to convince me myself!" Another glimpse into his mercurial nature is given in the absurd scene when he read "Adolphe" to a select audience. He broke into sobs, followed by the groans and tears of his hearers, who all suddenly burst into shrieks of hysterical laughter. Such were French nerves in the early part of the last century. A number of interesting portraits accompany the letters, and as a whole the small volume is an interesting addition, though not of great importance, to the voluminous literature of the time.

*The Great Plains*

The author of this book[1] has written several volumes of fiction, and his work in that direction gives his narrative style, color, and graphic quality. He tells here of the discovery and settlement of the enormous territory called loosely "The Great Plains," and through picture and description reproduces the salient features of the central and northern plains country, omitting, however, the story of Texas. Much of the narrative is avowedly based on the work of others, but he has combined and arranged the material in such a way as to produce a well-proportioned historical sketch. The book is alive with incident, adventure, and odd happenings in the days of Indian trappers, army camps, and frontier scouts.

*The Letters of Authors*

The compiler of these two volumes[2] has hit upon a capital method of illustrating the history of English literature. He gives us here selected letters written by famous authors to their relatives, friends, or publishers, from the end of the fifteenth to the beginning of the twentieth century. It need not be pointed out that he has a great mass

[1] Madame de Staël to Benjamin Constant. Edited by Mme. de Constant's Great-Granddaughter, Baroness Elisabeth de Nolde. Translated from the French by Charlotte Harwood. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50, net.

[1] The Great Plains. By Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.75, net.

[2] Letters of Literary Men: The Nineteenth Century. Arranged and Edited by F. A. Mumby. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1, net.

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of interesting material to draw upon, and his selections have been eminently well made to accomplish his purpose—that of bringing the reader into personal touch with the great writers of England. The scope of the work may be seen from the fact that the first volume covers the period from Sir Thomas More to Robert Burns, while the second volume begins with Frances Burney and extends through the nineteenth century, ending with Stevenson, Ruskin, and Buchanan. There is a wealth of good reading which is of exactly the right kind to take up and dip into at any place for a half-hour's rational enjoyment.

*Christ's Service of Love*

These short sermons [1] for the Communion of the Lord's Supper are timely. While Priestism makes too much of this sacrament, Protestantism makes too little of it, and is weakened thereby. Sensible of this, Professor Black lays needed emphasis on various aspects of the sacramental rite to secure it a more appreciative observance. This is admirable so far as it goes. Its restriction to the sphere of private life needs supplementing. The Scriptural record says: "When the hour was come, he sat down, and the apostles with him." But we have forgotten that "apostles" is the Greek word for *missionaries*. The disciples' mission to the world is one of the main lessons of the Lord's Table. What Protestantism theoretically affirms of every disciple of Jesus is the priestly function which Priestism limits to its clergy. The weakness of current Protestantism is in forgetting that the Communion pledges its recipients to this in the self-distributing, all-serving life, as symbols of which Jesus broke and gave the bread, and then the cup. Christian missions and social service are the commonly neglected lessons of this sacrament.

*Life in the Homeric Age*

In this finely illustrated volume by the senior professor of Greek at Yale [2] is presented a picture of Greek life a thousand years B.C., constructed from the material found in the Iliad and the Odyssey. "It is of particular interest to the modern reader," says Professor Seymour, "since it is the earliest account extant of the culture from which our own is a true lineal descendant." It is doubtless somewhat idealized, since it is a poetic account, but none the less of historical value. The significance for various particulars of the domestic, economic, industrial, political, and religious life of the Homeric age, in peace and war, on land and sea, which a multitude of passages, phrases, and words in these poems reveals to the philologist, makes a picture which seems to him even more complete than that of the contemporary life of the Hebrews obtainable from the Old Testament. From this the Homeric scholar draws many an illustration for his own theme, for there was much in common between the two civilizations. Much that was formerly regarded as fiction has been verified as fact by excavations in the Troad, and at Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Cnosus. The archæologist with the trophies of his spade has been the most conspicuous recent informant of the historian. After many years the philologist comes forward in Professor Seymour's pages with supplementary disclosures of "the cradle of our civilization." In a broad sense one might call this work of opulent learning a sociological commentary upon the Bible of ancient Greece. Many open questions remain for further investigation, of which due mention is made. Of special interest among the recent modifications of opinion is that which identifies the Ithaca of Ulysses with the island anciently called Leucas, now Santa Maura.

*Familiar Letters of James Howell*

The imprint of the Riverside Press [1] has never appeared on a more artistic piece of book-making than the special edition of "Howell's Letters" in two volumes, with an introduction by Miss Repplier. The volumes are printed with the sense of relation between type and page in the matter of margins, spacings, size, and distinctness which the lover of books associates with the masterpieces of the art. The Letters appeal, not to those who read to pass away the time, but to those who sip their books and love to taste them as gourmets sip delicate wines. For such, no selection could have been happier than these Letters from a friend of Ben Jonson, a loyalist in the days of the Revolution, and one of the advance guard of a great army of modern travelers. The years which Howell spent in Fleet Prison were fortunate for English literature because they led, by way of compensation, to his appointment as Historiographer Royal of England, a position created for him by Charles II., and retained until his death. Of his quality as a letter-writer it need only be said that he belongs in the succession of Walpole, Gray, Byron, Cowper, FitzGerald, Thackeray, and Stevenson. Miss Repplier, who is a past-master in the magnetic power of drawing interesting things together and making them her own, was

[1] Christ's Service of Love. By Hugh Black. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25, net.

[2] Life in the Homeric Age. By Thomas Day Seymour. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4, net.

[1] Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ, or the Familiar Letters of James Howell. In 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $5, net. Postage, 27c. extra.

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predestined to write the very pleasant introduction which she furnishes to this volume, in which she tells the story of Howell, and in her pleasant way brings out, by incident and characterization, the qualities which have made his Letters the constant reading of lovers of literature since they first appeared. The binding of the volumes is to be specially commended for its artistic tastefulness.

*Handbook of the Trees*

A new guide-book[1] to the trees of the Northern States and Canada devotes two pages to each species. One page bears a photographic reproduction showing a group of leaves (both sides) and fruit. The other page has a photograph of the trunk of the tree, showing the distinguishing peculiarities of the bark, a small map showing by shading the range of the tree's growth, and a short, clear description of its characteristics. The book is admirably adapted for the average person who wants to be able to tell the trees apart with the least possible study.

*The Indians' Book*

This book[2] is properly entitled to the much-abused term of unique. The author truly asserts that in a sense he has had for his work only the collecting, editing, and arranging of the Indians' contributions—that the Indians themselves are the authors. It is indeed true that the songs and stories here contained are those of the Indians; that the cover design, the drawings, and the title page were made by them; but, notwithstanding, it is evident that most elaborate and long-continued labor has been bestowed on the work by its white editor. Of the songs contained in the book, President Roosevelt has said: "These songs cast a wholly new light on the depth and dignity of Indian thought, the simple beauty—the charm of a vanished elder world—of Indian poetry." The appeal of the book is to the lover of folk-lore, to the musician, to the student of primitive art, and to all who would know about the Indian character and the Indian traditions.

*An Anthology for Children*

This collection of poems for children's reading[3] should have a word of especially appreciative praise, because it assumes on the part of the child a natural taste for that which is beautiful, and a natural love for the imaginative. We are glad to see in the collection a large number of poems which are not usually included in this class of children's literature, but in no case have we found one that might not reasonably be expected to appeal to a child of fair intelligence. The title of the book, "The Golden Staircase," is an apt one, because the editors' aim throughout has been to educate the youthful taste step by step, and always upward. We are glad to notice that a great many American poems are here included, with Eugene Field, as is natural, at the head of the list. We echo the author's hope that "in time to come the publication, 'The Golden Staircase,' will be justified by the fact that well-worn copies are found on nursery and schoolroom book-shelves;" and we are inclined to predict that just this, which is the highest possible praise, will befall this charming volume. The physical form of the book is excellent. The cover design is in perfect taste, but the colored illustrations are hardly up to the standard set in this country by such artists of child life as Jessie Willcox Smith and Sarah Stillwell.

*Feathered Game of the Northeast*

A sportsman, who combines with long experience in the field and intimate knowledge of the habits and characteristics of the game he has hunted ability to write clearly and picturesquely and the skill to draw accurately and well, is a good candidate for author of a book on feathered game. Such a book,[1] chatty and humorous as well as informing, and well illustrated, has been written by such a sportsman about the game birds of the northeastern part of this country and Canada.

*The Country School and the Farmer's Boy*

From the days when the teacher was boarded round, and had to make and mend his pupils' pens, down to recent days, the author takes us in this volume.[2] The school-houses of the different epochs are described, the methods of reward and punishment, the studies pursued, and the amusements that the boys and girls participated in during "recess" and noon hour. All is told in an animated and entertaining manner. The book is well printed on excellent paper, and enlivened by many very good illustrations. A companion volume[3] tells of the farmer's boy. The setting forth of the home life and play hours of country children is the aim of this book; while boys are talked of more particularly, girls are also treated of in the description of

[1] Handbook of the Trees of the Northern States and Canada East of the Rocky Mountains. By Romeyn Beck Hough. Published by the Author, Lowville, N. Y.
[2] The Indians' Book. By Nathalie Curtis. Harper & Brothers, New York. $7.50, net.
[3] The Golden Staircase. Chosen by Louey Chisholm. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50, net.

[1] Feathered Game of the Northeast. By Walter H. Rich. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $3, net. Postage, 30c.
[2] The Country School. By Clifton Johnson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.50, net. Postage, 15c.
[3] The Farmer's Boy. By Clifton Johnson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.50, net. Postage, 15c.

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the duties, games, and pleasures incidental to each season of the year in country regions.

*The Quest of the Colonial*

The fascination which attends the search for the antique, whether in furniture, or china, or associations, has rarely had so entertaining and sympathetic a presentation as in the pleasantly written book by Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton. The volume[1] is charmingly illustrated and printed with taste and skill. The authors have contrived to treat their subject in a pleasant way, and also in the form of a story as much as that of a narrative of facts. No one who has the slightest love of the old could fail to gain sincere pleasure from the reading of this book, and many will envy the authors the good fortune which, joined with patience and knowledge, brought them in such delightful results in house-furnishing.

*When America Was New*

In reading Mr. Tudor Jenks's new book[2] one gains an insight into matters not dealt with in school histories. The struggles of the early settlers, not with Indians and wild beasts, but with cold and wet, are set forth; their discomforts owing to the absence of mills to grind their wheat, their lack of simple every-day things bound up with the comfort and well-being of humanity in civilized countries, the familiar objects that surrounded the colonists, the food they ate, their daily habits, all these are most interestingly dwelt upon; and while the language used is simple enough for a child to grasp its meaning easily, the book is one which older people can read with pleasure and profit.

*The Race Question in Canada*

It is eminently desirable that Americans should be better informed as to the political, social, and religious life of Canada. This volume,[3] written apparently for the French kinsmen of French Canadians, is both interesting and illuminating for us. It is strange enough, but true, that Papal Rome has a stronger grip upon the province of Quebec than upon any other portion of Christendom—as strong now as a century ago. Here a veritable theocracy is absolute, maintaining itself by vigilant isolation from every source of infection by modern enlightenment, dreading any contact even with American Catholicism as too liberal. The total population of Canada being but little more than that of Illinois, two-fifths are Catholic, and of these seven-elevenths are massed in Quebec. In Canada "French" and "Catholic" are practically synonymous terms; so also are "English" and "Protestant." For the French Protestant "there is no place." The dividing lines in Canada are those of race and religion. M. Siegfried gives facts in abundance illustrative of "the immemorial struggle" which appears in Canadian politics and educational arrangements. As to other questions, such as the relation of Canada to the Empire, tariffs, and internal improvements, Canadians are united, the party distinction between "Liberals" and "Conservatives" being mainly a distinction between *ins* and *outs*. But while Canadian loyalty to the Imperial tie is strong, jealousy of Imperial authority is both strong and sensitive. British forms of political life are imitated, but "the Canadian electorate is very American in its aims, its customs, and its ideas." The same commercialism, alas! the same venality, are found as here. That Canada will ever seek admission to our Union M. Siegfried thinks highly improbable. The cold-shoulder treatment which our statesmen have systematically given her has naturally developed her distinctly national spirit, with the motto, "Canada for Canadians."

*Art Work in Gold and Silver*

As befits the subject, this volume[1] is beautifully printed and richly illustrated. It is intended not so much for the craftsman and worker in gold or silver as for the collector and art lover. Beginning with the gold and silver ore in the ground, the author follows the history of the manufacture of ornaments and articles of use in the precious metals from the very earliest dates, far back of the Greek and Roman period, down to our own times, with a specially full description of such little-known periods as that of the Irish metal-workers and of the early English renaissance.

*A Nature Book*

The author of a quiet book[2] called "Afield with the Seasons," James Buckham, in a few brief chapters, discourses pleasantly upon nature. Beginning with the first signs of spring, he wanders afield finding new beauties among the birds, small wood folk, and flowers. Sympathy without undue philosophy or moralizing characterizes these meditations.

[1] The Quest of the Colonial. By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton. The Century Company, New York. $2.40, net. Postage, 16c. extra.
[2] When America Was New. By Tudor Jenks. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.25.
[3] The Race Question in Canada. By André Siegfried. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3, net.

[1] Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Work. By Nelson Dawson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $7.50, net.
[2] Afield with the Seasons. By James Buckham. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.25. Postage, 10c. extra.

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# Letters to The Outlook

## "THE WOMAN WHO WENT TO CHURCH"

[The editorial with this title based on articles in the Ladies' Home Journal has evidently interested our readers. From many letters on the subject we give in extract form some of the points made.—THE EDITORS.]

I.

You base your argument chiefly upon the services in Roman Catholic churches, but your illustration is scarcely in point and has but little force, as there is practically no similarity between Roman Catholic and Protestant services. It may be true, as you say, that "Roman Catholics attend church services for the purpose of worshiping God," but is it not true that they largely attend because of their duty to the Church: because they must attend at least a number of times or be denied the sacrament, and because of the power and commanding influence which this Church has over its members?

If there is any merit in church fellowship, if there is any reality in love of the brethren, if there is any encouragement to be derived from association with devout spirits, if there is anything to be learned from the example of the Master, then the complaint of lack of cordiality, of coldness, formalism, and exclusiveness which is made against Protestant churches is well taken. In the churches visited by Miss Smith the club spirit was manifest and sociability abundant but limited strictly to the elect, with practically no attention to the visitor.

Your conception of church services is very beautiful, but why may not reverent worship go hand in hand with cordiality to the stranger within the gates? The invitations to attend church, the promise of a hearty welcome, the professions that strangers will be made to feel at home, etc., etc., are too often as sounding brass and a shallow pretense. And herein lies one of the chief elements of weakness in our Protestant churches.

Wyoming, Ohio. P. R.

II.

Beyond question the church is fundamentally a place for worship, and, in Protestant forms, for instruction, but also for the growth of Christianity. The church is an aggressive organization to promote a purpose of God for the good of the world, and must increasingly show its missionary spirit by active effort for others. To be specific: A young man in college, pursuing scientific courses, plans to employ a vacation in work along his proposed life-work, and secures an appointment from a prominent engineering firm to aid in the erection of a factory building in a strange city. With home training and personal character, he visits a church the first Sunday, and honestly shares in the worship. It may be for the moment admitted that he has no right to demand or expect to be made to "feel like an honored guest," but what is the duty of the church? Has it no responsibility for the welcome which it can easily extend to a stranger in such circumstances? This does not mean that he must be invited to dinner—though this has made more than one young man or woman strong for life-work—but that the greetings which many people in our churches do extend are blessings beyond computation we all know.

Is it not, above all, true that the Church must learn its opportunity and privilege even from unfair and hostile critics, and not falsify its real purpose and actual endeavor by "answering back" with broad denials of responsibility, pleading one grand characteristic of church life while ignoring the tremendous needs of strangers in our churches who must be helped if we are to win them to worship and usefulness?

We need a "House of God," a church-home, as well as an altar and the rich worship of our God, and the fellowship we enjoy with others must be extended to the strangers if we would fully exemplify the Christian life.

New York City. W. D.

III.

If the Protestant Church doesn't stand for Brotherhood, I can't see that it stands for anything but a more or less well-appointed meeting-place where the respectable congregate of a Sunday to enjoy the agreeable sensation of wearing good clothes and uplifting the Commonwealth, of hearing a high-priced choir and listening to a refined address, and, "Finally, my brethren," of contemplating on the homeward journey the passing throngs on pleasuring bent, and smugly cherishing the consciousness of God's select approval. It is not difficult to imagine a woman of refinement, alone and sad in an uncongenial boarding-house, too poor to pay dues in a church, and unwilling to be patronized, who, feeling the awful pressure of such sadness as only a bright Sabbath can bring to the companionless, starts out in desperation, thinking, it may be, with tenderness of



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the tie that binds her to the thronging thousands churchward bent, and saying, "Christ is our Brother, God is our Father, and some of them out of their happiness will speak and clasp my hand, and I shall be comforted." From experience I would advise such a one to select rather a comfortable bench in the nearest park, where she can watch the birds. She is more apt to come in touch with the All-Father. I have sung in fashionable churches for twenty years, and I have seen the very saints of God neglected because both money and youthful vigor were gone, and they could no longer help on the material prosperity of the church. I have seen men of unlovely lives fawned upon because of long pocketbooks. I have seen wire-pulling and intrigue that would have disgraced a political club, and it makes me boil to hear an academic defense of the cold worldliness of city churches such as your editorial conveys. SUBSCRIBER.

IV.

A person's religion has been said to be reflected in his attitude toward God and *toward his fellow-men*. The Church was not established for those who can worship just as well in their own homes. It was established to bring those who needed salvation into the Kingdom. Perhaps the church is regarded too much as a club. Even so, is it not all the more necessary that the members of this "club" should show that they are not so entirely taken up with "club affairs" that they have no time to welcome the stranger? Contrast the feeling with which one enters and leaves the metropolitan church of to-day, and the feeling with which he entered and left the village church of his youthful days. The pipe-organ and the select quartette were absent, it is true, but the old organ poured forth music infinitely sweeter and more sacred. There pervaded the place a feeling of the presence of the Holy Spirit, and the welcome smile and the hearty handshake warmed the heart of the stranger, and he went away with the feeling in his heart that "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

Perhaps the purpose of the visitor in this case was not valid. This does not render any less urgent the needs of those who do attend these churches in the actual condition which she represented. These people do not go to church to receive attention, however. Some go to worship, but many go to hear a good sermon, to listen to the music, and many go out of curiosity. But if the members of these churches manifest the true Christian spirit, should they not seek to take advantage of the fact that these people *are present*, and seek to aid them in every possible way, the first step of which is to gain their good will by the hearty handshake and the smile of welcome, and then seek to reach their hearts and do them good in a spiritual way? You have very truly said that the principal weakness of the Protestant church is its lack of democracy. If the church as a church is to be successful in accomplishing the purpose for which it was organized, it is necessary for its members to throw aside absurd class distinction, and to welcome those who, for whatever reason they may have come, are there, and may, by the employment of Christian methods, be helped onward to a better and a purer life. As said by Mr. Snell in his article in the issue of July 14, "When the church learns to see what Christ saw—every man a unique incarnation of the divine, a special ray from the infinite Radiance, a fresh and peculiar thought from the mind of God, infinitely valuable to God's creation, forever indispensable to the fellowship of the Saints—and, seeing this, makes her appeal to every man on the ground of his individual, infinite privilege, and treats him so that now, if never before, he knows his dignity in being man, then she will be the church of the people, the church of Jesus Christ, the church of God, with power to lead the world into the Kingdom."

Until the members of our churches get the caste beam out of their eye, we can expect little in the way of the solution of the problem presented to us in the large cities.

Minneapolis, Minnesota. C. E. G.

## SAN FRANCISCO AS IT IS

In The Outlook of September 21 there appeared the article "San Francisco as It Now Is," in which the author made a few hastily drawn conclusions from a few exceptional examples, and then unreasonably judged the whole West coast by these prejudiced examples. The description of San Francisco, its desolation, its labor and other troubles, is very well done, and had he followed the first rules of composition and stuck to his subject he would have been within the bounds of reason. But about half-way down in his article he begins to ramble, and rambles all over California and the whole Pacific coast. That this rambling was entirely mental is quite evident to any one who has ever been about over that coast and seen that country as it really is. No one who really wants to get the facts about a country, and especially an agricultural country, goes to the cities, and most assuredly not to a city that has been through all the trouble San Francisco has, and takes

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that as a standard for the whole Western coast of the United States. I rate southern California as my home, although at different times I have lived several years in the Eastern part of our country; each part has its advantages and disadvantages, and I do not like to see any part of our country unjustly criticised because of some one's prejudice, whether it is the East or West.

That the author's idea was prejudiced is plainly to be seen, for he expected to see Japanese shot on the streets at sight, and upon sight of the old Japanese man and child on the street he works himself into a mock frenzy, imagining things that would be a disgrace to the whole Nation had they happened. But the people there, as a law-abiding people, compare favorably with those of the rest of our country, and he saw no such deeds of violence as he anticipated. He infers that the funds poured in after the fire were misspent, for a man from Seattle came down and took advantage of the Nation's generosity, and another man having a good income was found living in idleness. Of course we all expected, when we contributed to that fund, that some people would take advantage of this general supply of food, clothing, and money that was sent to the sufferers. Yet, while some took undue advantage of that supply, and live in idleness even yet, we know that many persons' lives were saved, and many more were cared for, started anew in work, and are now, in one place and another, helping along the progress of the world, thus making the good done much greater than can be measured in dollars and cents.

Dishonest men sometimes get to be street-car conductors, and thieves sometimes get on street-cars and collect money, in all cities; and, too, people in all classes in all cities are occasionally seen who are overdressed. The language of the grocery stores such as he mentions I have heard in stores clear to the Atlantic coast, so we should reason that all the United States are over-familiar and profane. You will notice that the first example given was in a hotel, so it is quite likely the young lady was not a Californian. His remarks on the fruit question are absurd, yet he speaks of the absurdity of buying fruit by the pound. Can he tell of a more honest way? Surely not as it is sold in many of the New York cities—twenty-five cents for a small basket containing three ten-cents-per-dozen bananas, well arranged to take all possible advantage of their curved shape, three peaches, two apples, and a bunch of grapes broken up and scattered about over the top so as to cover the spaces left by the open-work way in which the fruit was placed in the basket. And he talks of buying fruit in New York State by the bushel; the idea is beyond the comprehension of any one but "the successful grafter." But let us be reasonable and not judge the price, the quantity, or the quality of the fruit in any State by that of its cities. Rather let us go to the part of the State where the fruit is grown, and at the proper season we can get the quantities we want at reasonable prices; in New York State by the "half-bushel," in California by the hundredweight.

The author seems to forget that most of the Californians are really Eastern people, and have all the knowledge common to the East in regard to cooking—making strawberry shortcake—flower gardening, and the other lines of work mentioned. Had he gone to the berry-growing districts in the proper season—not December—he would have seen berries served at fifteen-cent restaurants without extra charge, and the shortcake, the kind "unknown to that West coast," he would see served at some of the twenty-five-cent hotels and restaurants, and at very many of the Californian homes.

These are only a few of the many points in which he misrepresents the State and the West coast. An article detrimental to any of our States is too serious a matter to be handled by one who is so narrow in his observations and so broad in his statements. Besides this, from the time he left that Eastern land, where the grocerymen hand out their "littlest baby cantaloups" as samples, and *slowly* wended his way to the Coast on a *flyer*, until he left the land of prohibitive prices, heavy dinners, and poor cooking (although the grocery stores had an "array of dainty, well-prepared food as appetizing as a fine supper table"), he seems most hopelessly mixed.

One of the Los Angeles papers had an editorial a few years ago that about fits this case. In substance it runs thus: "Most of the Eastern tourists are able to appreciate our fine weather, fine fruit, and other blessings; but occasionally there comes one who, because he cannot eat uncooked Logan berries as dessert regularly every day, or cannot eat olives fresh from the tree, goes back home forgetting all the good things about the country, and remembering only the sour and the bitter, and tells only woeful and disgruntled tales about California, its people, and its products."

Williamsburg, Pennsylvania. J. S. S.

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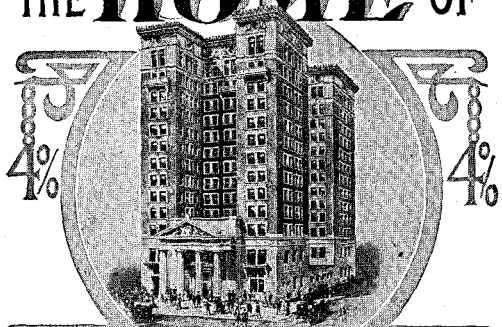


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# Per Year for Life

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# EASY FOOD

## Ready for Instant Use Without Cooking

Almost everyone likes a cereal food of some kind at breakfast and supper, but the ordinary way of cooking cereals results in a pasty mass that is hard to digest, and if not properly digested, the raw mass goes down into the intestinal tract where gas is generated and trouble follows.

Everyone knows that good food properly digested keeps the body well, while poor food, or even food of good quality that is poorly prepared and not digested, is sure to bring on some kind of disease.

The easiest food to digest in this line is Grape-Nuts, made from wheat and barley, and cooked thoroughly at the factory, some 12 to 16 hours being consumed in the different processes of preparation. The food, therefore, is ready for instant service and the starch has been changed to a form of sugar, so that it is pre-digested and ready for almost immediate absorption.

A Chicago young lady writes that she suffered for years from indigestion and dyspepsia from the use of food that was not suitable to her powers of digestion. She says:

"I began using Grape-Nuts, and I confess to having had a prejudice at first, and was repeatedly urged before I finally decided to try the food, but I have not known what indigestion is since using it, and have never been stronger or in better health. I have increased in weight from 109 to 124 pounds."

People can be well, practically without cost, if they will adopt scientific food and leave off the indigestible sort. "There's a Reason."

Grape-Nuts Food is crisp and delicious to the taste. It should be served exactly as it comes from the package, without cooking, except in cases where it is made up into puddings and other deserts.—Book of delicious recipes and "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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## It is one that grows.

**Government Reports** and our statistics covering a period of 70 years show that Centrally Located Business Properties, in addition to paying 5% to 7% on owner's money, have a steady and persistent growth in earning capacity and, through that, in value, thus owners enjoy a constantly increasing yield on a constantly growing principal.

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# SAVE TIME
# SAVE TROUBLE

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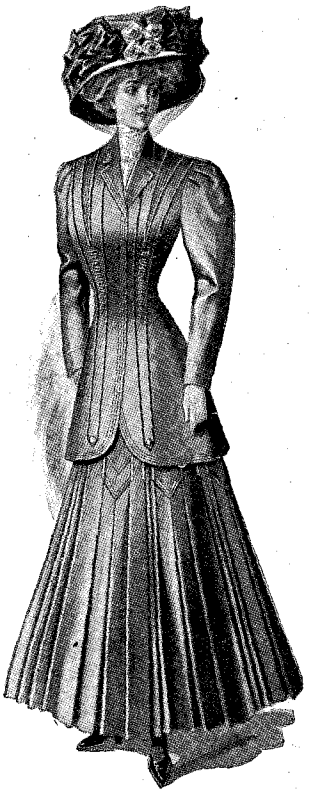
**We assume all the risk, because we guarantee to refund your money if we fail to please you.**



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